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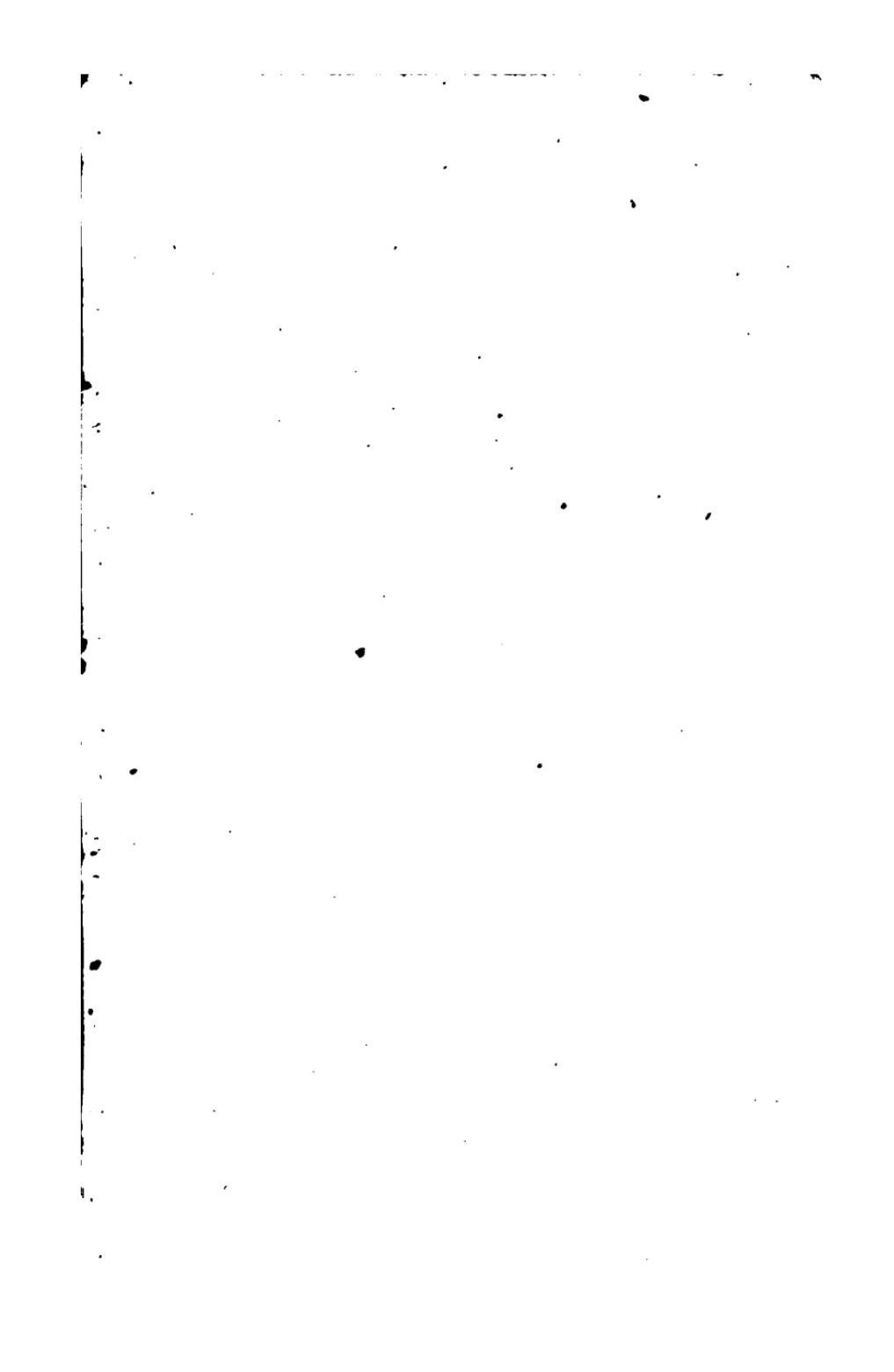
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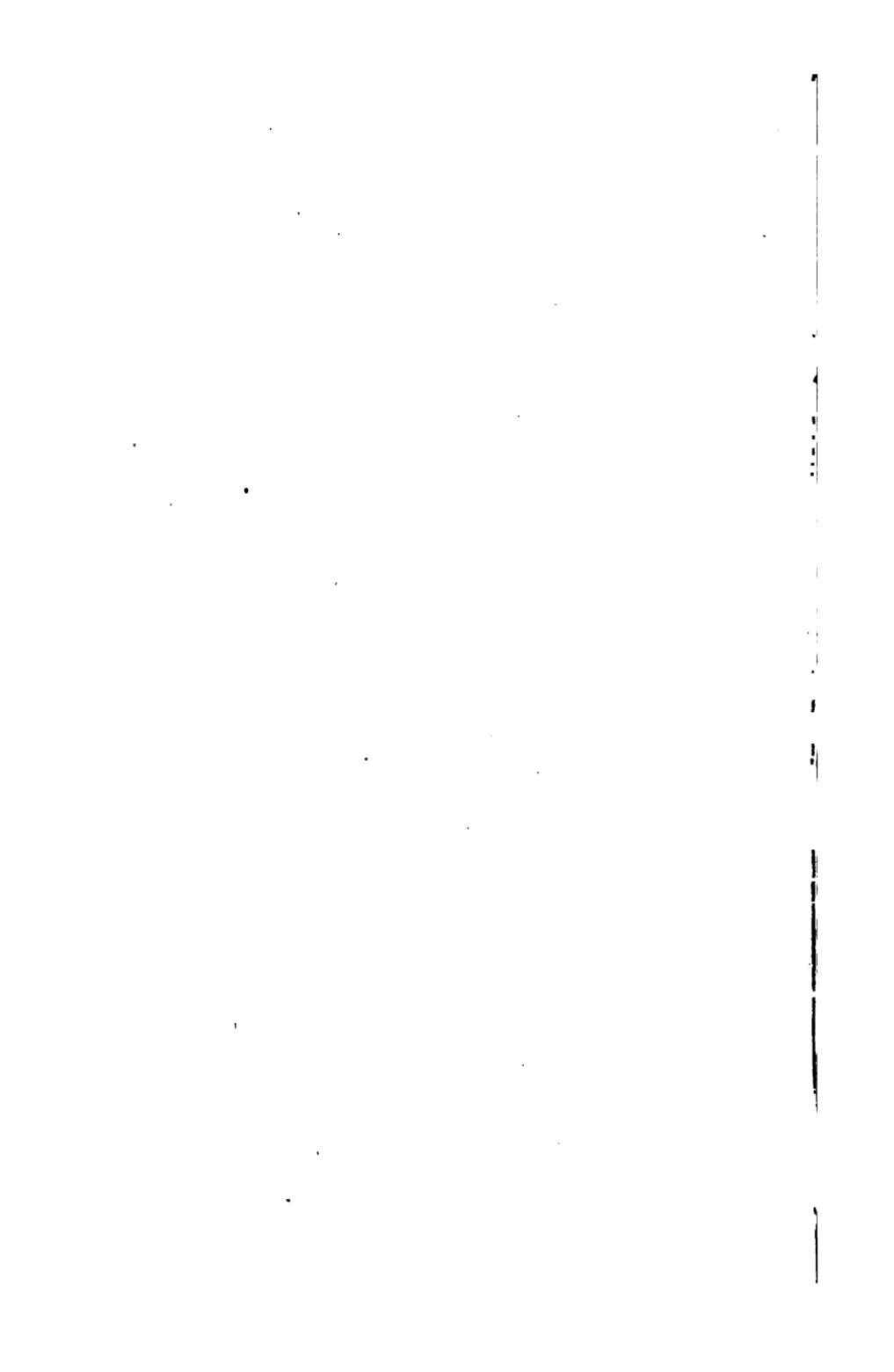


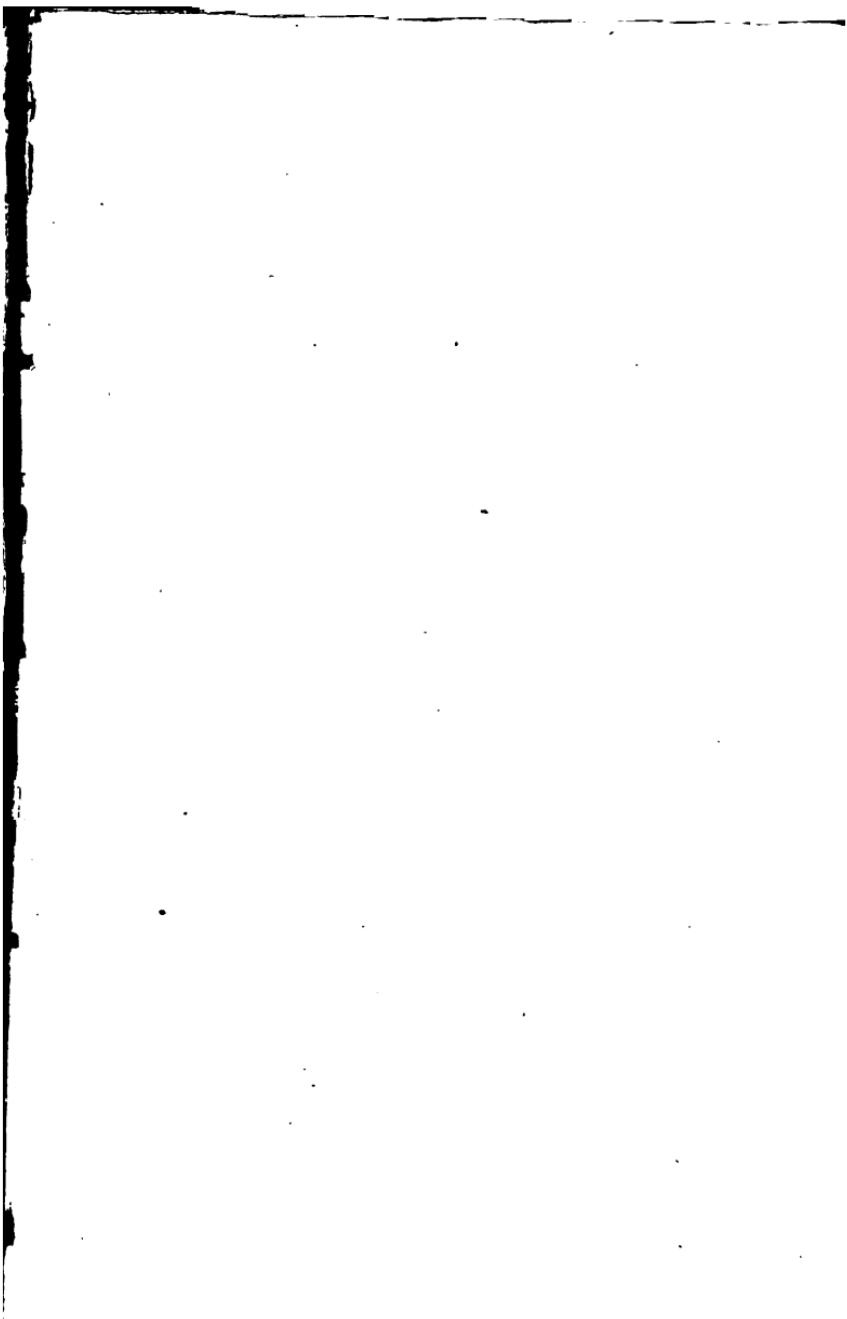
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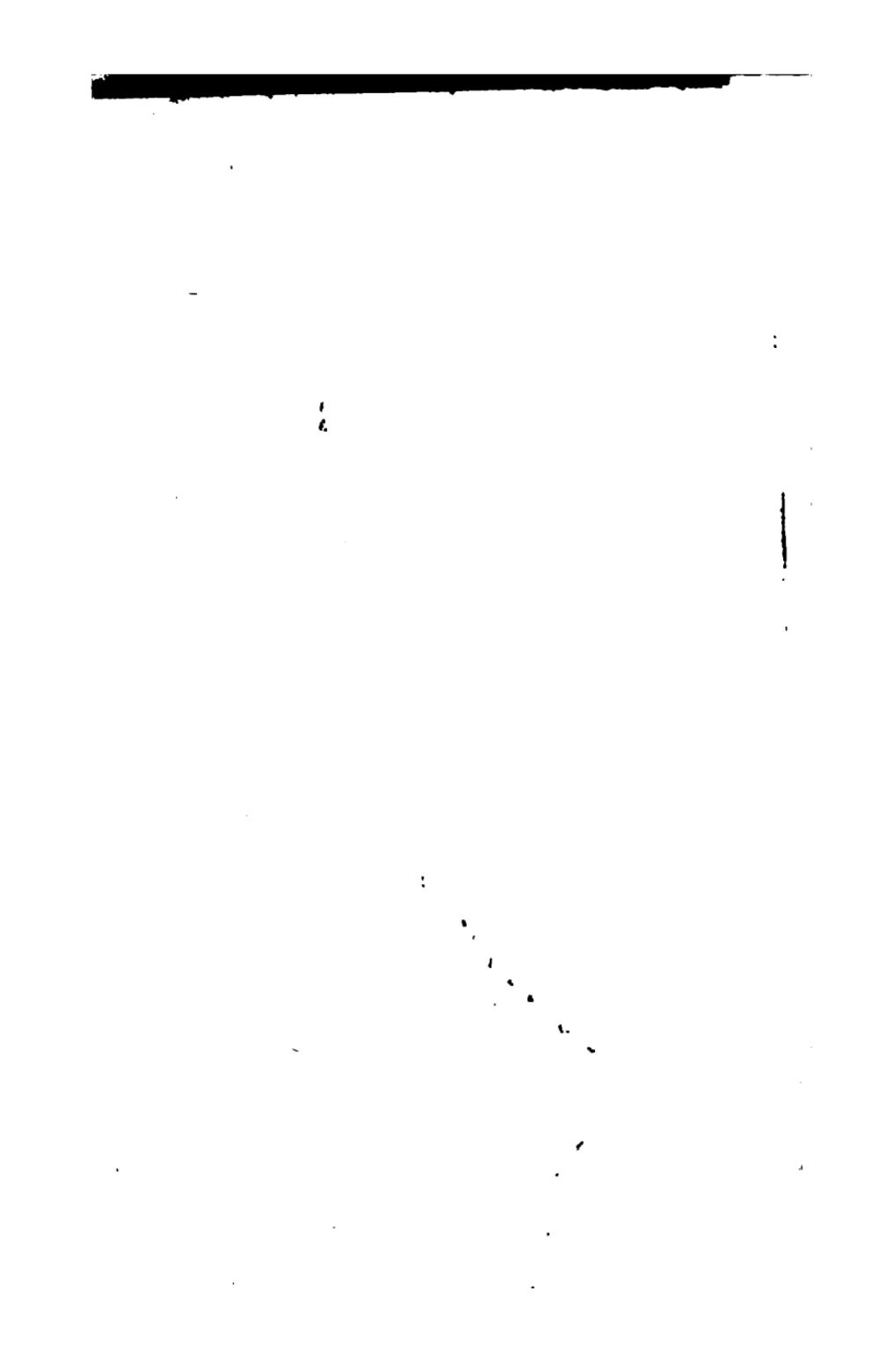


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THE  
**HYMNS OF HOMER,**

*&c. &c.*







GEORGE CHAPMAN.

*Conscium evasi diem.*

Pub<sup>d</sup> Dec<sup>7</sup> 1817 by R. Trphaek 23 Old Bond Street.

THE  
**HYMNS OF HOMER;**  
THE  
**Batrachomyomachia;**  
AND TWO  
**ORIGINAL POETICAL HYMNS.**  
BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.  
BY S. W. SINGER.



Chiswick:  
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM.  
M D C C C X V I I I.

*"We have been wrong'd, by being kept so long  
From notice of your honourable parts."*

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE.



TO

**GEORGE WATSON TAYLOR, ESQ. M.P.**

THIS LITTLE TRIBUTE TO THE

GENIUS AND LEARNING OF

**GEORGE CHAPMAN**

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND MOST

FAITHFUL HUMBLE SERVANT,

**S. W. SINGER.**



THE  
EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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WITHOUT entering into the discussion whether these interesting remains of antiquity are all of them genuine productions of the divine Homer, or belong to a later age, it must be confessed that they have the highest claims on attention, as containing much poetic beauty, and as having preserved to us some portions of the Mythology of the Ancients, which we might elsewhere seek in vain with equal certitude\*. There is no complete modern translation of them; and perhaps it is little to be regretted, while we can boast the valuable, spirited, and original version, which is here submitted to those readers who have imbibed proper notions of the value of such venerable remains of the best period of our literature.

\* J'ose avancer que par rapport à la religion populaire des anciens, il n'y a point de monument qui soit préférable pour la certitude aux Hymnes d' Homère, &c.—*L'Abbé Souchay. Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions.* T. 24, p. 496, 12mo.

And here I cannot resist the temptation of citing the opinion of a writer, whose taste and judgment have led him to do justice to our old translators, and to the very superior merits of Chapman\*.

“ Translation ought to be considered in a very different light by scholars, and men to whom literature is their chosen occupation, than that in which it is regarded by persons to whom books are an amusement, or an elegant piece of furniture only. Translation is the parent, or more accurately speaking, the nurse of all modern languages, from whose fostering breast they derive the soundness, the vigour, and the health, that render them at once the delight and the accomplished ministers of all by whom they are spoken or written. To translation we are indebted for much of what is most excellent and important in our vernacular speech; and translation, considered in this point of view, is a fundamental branch of true learning. Chaucer, Lydgate, Skelton, and Surry, the fathers of our literature, were all eminent translators; and it is to our version of the Bible that we are above all things indebted for the sober, majestic, and copious flow of our English tongue.

\* Mr. Godwin, in his *Lives of Edward and John Phillips*, p. 241.

“Translation, merely as translation, would form no branch of reading to a scholar, merely in as far as he was a scholar; but, considered as the faithful repository of the history of a language, it is of inexpressible importance. Translation in itself is a dim and obscure medium, through which we become feebly acquainted with the merits of an original work. No man therefore would almost deign to look upon a translation, except so far as he had no other way in which to obtain a knowledge of the original it pretends to represent.

“This character may be considered as applicable to all translations at the time they are presented to the world. But an obsolete translation is a very different thing. It is an object avoided by the fop and the fine lady; but it is precious to the man of taste, the man of feeling, and the philosopher. In the old English Homer, for example, I have some pleasure, in as much as I find Homer himself there; but I have also an inestimable pleasure added to this, while I remark, and feel in my inmost heart, the venerable and illustrious garb in which he is thus brought before me. This further pleasure I have, which I could not find even in the original itself.

“The translation of Homer published by George

Chapman, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James, is one of the greatest treasures the English language has to boast. This man had a deep and true feeling of what a poet is, when he appears, as Milton styles it, ‘soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him.’ This is conspicuously shown in his preface, notes, and dedication; from the latter of which take the following example:”

“ As in a flourishing and ripe fruit tree,  
Nature hath made the barke to save the hole;  
The hole, the sappe, the sappe to decke the whole  
With leaves and branches; they, to beare and shield  
The usefull fruit, the fruit it selfe to yeld  
Guard to the kernell, and for that all those  
(Since out of that againe, the whole tree growes:)  
So in our tree of man, whose nerie root  
Springs in his top, from thence even to his foot,  
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts  
All joyn'd in one to serve his queene of arts (*the soul*)  
In which doth poesie, like the kernell lie  
Obscur'd; though her Promethean facultie  
Can create men, and make even death to live;  
For which she should live honour'd, kings should give  
Comfort and helpe to her, that she might still  
Hold up their spirits in vertue; make the will  
That governs in them, to the power conform'd,  
The power to justice.”——

Mr. Godwin proceeds to illustrate the subject, by adducing passages from Chapman's translation of the *Odyssey*, and contrasting them with passages from Pope; in which the advantage is clearly on the side of the former, both in regard to spirit and resemblance to the great original. "In the twentieth book of the *Odyssey*, Philætius, one of the faithful servants of Ulysses, sees his master in his beggar's habiliments without knowing him, and struck with something awful in his appearance, eagerly inquires of Eumeus, who the stranger is; but, without waiting for an answer,"

" Thus coming to him ; with a kinde of feare  
He tooke his hand ; and (touch't exceeding neare  
With meere imagination of his worth)  
This salutation he sent lowdly forth."

Thus Chapman: and in the following manner the idea is expressed by Pope :

" Then affable he thus the chief address'd,  
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd."

" In another passage of the Eighteenth Book, where Eurymachus, one of the suitors, reproaches the seeming beggar, Ulysses, with his idle way of life, and bids him go work for his subsistence; Ulysses replies :"

X  
PREFACE.

“ I wish, at any worke we two were tryed,  
In hight of Spring-time, when heaven’s lights are long ;  
I a good crook’d sithe, that were sharpe and strong ;  
You such another ; where the grasse grew deepe ;  
Up by day breake, and both our labours keepe  
Up til slow darknes eas’d the labouring light ;  
Fasting all day, and not a crum till night ;  
We then should prove our either workmanship.  
Or if (again) beeves, that the goad or whip  
Were apt t’ obey, before a tearing plow ;  
Big, lusty beasts, alike in bulke and brow,  
Alike in labour, and alike in strength ;  
Our taske foure acres, to be till’d in length  
Of one sole day ; againe then you should try  
If the dull glebe before the plough shoud flye ;  
Or I a long stich could beare cleane and even :  
Or lastly, if the guide of earth and heaven  
Should stir sterne war up, either here or there  
And that, at this day, I had double speare  
And shield, and steele caske fitting for my browes ;  
At this work likewise, midst the foremost blowes,  
Your eyes should note me.”——

It is thus Pope translates the same passage :—

“ To whom incens’d : Should we, oh prince, engage  
In rival tasks, beneath the burning rage  
Of summer suns ; were both constrain’d to wield,  
Foodless, the scythe along the burthen’d field ;  
Or should we labour, while the ploughshare wounds  
With steers of equal strength, th’ allotted grounds ;  
Beneath my labours how thy wondering eyes  
Might see the sable field at once arise !

Should Jove dire war unloose, with spear and shield  
And nodding helm I tread th' ensanguin'd field,  
Fierce in the van ; then, wouldest thou, wouldest thou, say,  
Misname me glutton, in that glorious day?  
No ; thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace ;  
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base."

"I am not willing to load so plain a question with criticism: but can any thing be more spirited, free, and full of animation and enthusiasm, than the version of the elder poet? And, on the other hand, can any thing be more vapid than the lines of Pope? What can be more flat, and void of character and propriety, than the words "affable," "with pathetic warmth," "the burthened field," "the sable field," "the ensanguin'd field," and the "wounds of the ploughshare." "Thy thoughts the brave disgrace:" disgrace whom? the speaker, or the hearer? it is all ambiguous and ineffective. And then "disgrace the brave;" how poor and prosaic! It must be acknowledged, however, that the whole is in keeping, no one part by its energy and soul, throwing contempt upon another. Give me the language of feeling, of real passion, of generous passion; or else it will be in vain to tell me, that your style and manner is in the true poetical vein!"

In translating the Iliad, Chapman adopted that

kind of verse of fourteen syllables which had acquired much popularity in his day, which had become the established measure for most works of length and gravity, and was particularly consecrated to translation. It has, it must be confessed, a stately, though somewhat cumbrous march, and yet, as Warton justly observes, to modern ears it may appear ridiculous, from particular associations, and as having since become a mere ballad measure. Chapman's reason for adopting it is given in the following extract from the address to the reader prefix'd to the *Iliad*:

“The long verse hath by proof receiv'd applause  
Beyond each other number: and the foil  
That squint-eyed Envy takes, is censur'd plain,  
For this long poem asks this length of verse,  
Which I myself ingeniously mantain  
Too long our shorter authors to rehearse.  
And for our tongue, that still is so impair'd  
By traveling linguists; I can prove it clear,  
That no tongue hath the Muse's utterance heir'd  
For verse, and that sweet music to the ear  
Struck out of rime, so naturally as this;  
Our monosyllables, so kindly fall  
And meet, opposed in rime, as they did kiss.  
French and Italian, most immetrical;  
Their many syllables, in harsh collision  
Fall as they brake their necks; their bastard rimes  
Saluting as they justled in transition,  
And set our teeth on edge, &c.”

Warton seems to think there is little truth in the observation that the English language is eminently adapted to rythmical poetry on account of its numerous monosyllables, but it is most probable that Chapman felt what he expressed; if he had only opposed it to the French, and had not included the Italian in his censure, there would perhaps have been little to object to in this passage; which is curious and interesting, as manifesting his enthusiasm and devotion to his own language, the perfection of which he was promoting by the strength and originality of his noble compositions. “The doctrine that an allegorical sense was hid under the narratives of Epic poetry had not yet ceased; and he promises a poem on the mysteries he had newly discovered in Homer;” but his promise does not appear to have been made good. He says, that the last twelve books of the Iliad were translated in less than fifteen weeks, and endeavours to obviate the censures of some malignant calumniators, who had asserted that he translated Homer out of the Latin, or out of the French: and notwithstanding Warton’s hasty conclusion, that these attacks were not totally groundless, it will appear to any one who will be at the trouble of examining his different versions, his prefaces and notes, that he had not

only a competent but skilful acquaintance with the Greek.

Chapman's sensible observations upon the duty of a translator, have been justly cited with praise. "It is the part of every knowing and judicial interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently; and to clothe and adorn them with words, and such a style and form of oration, as are most apt for the language into which they are converted."

"The danger lies (says Warton) in too lavish an application of this sort of clothing, that it may not disguise what it should adorn. I do not say that this is Chapman's fault: but he has by no means represented the dignity or the simplicity of Homer. He is sometimes paraphrastic and redundant, but more frequently retrenches or impoverishes what he could not feel and express.——Yet he is not always without strength or spirit. He has enriched our language with many compound epithets, so much in the manner of Homer, such as the *silver-footed* Thetis, the *silver-throned* Juno, the *triple-feathered* helm, the *high-walled* Thebes, the *faire-haired* boy, the *silver-flowing* floods, the *hugely-peopled* towns, the Grecians *navy-bound*, the *strong-winged* lance,

and many more which might be collected." The instances of this kind indeed in Chapman's translations are so very abundant that they occur in every page, some of them of singular beauty and force, as the reader will see in perusing the following Hymns. It is not only in his translations, where he was warranted by his original in using them, but in his original compositions, that he has shewn partiality for them, and his skill in their invention.

It has been said by Dryden, that Waller could never read Chapman's Homer without a degree of transport; and Pope has done him the justice to say that "he covers his defects by a daring fiery spirit, that animates his translation; which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself to have writ before he arrived to years of discretion." It is true that he has accused Chapman of taking advantage of an unmeasurable length of line, and of being rambling and paraphrastical in his translation, of appearing to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. The first objection is futile, for in reality Chapman's long lines are formed by the union of two short ones; the second has some truth in it, but comes with but little grace from Pope, who has even sometimes followed him in his deviations from the sense of Homer; and it is amusing to see

that, in a subsequent passage of his Preface, he has accused Dryden of having “had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages, where he wanders from the original.” Now Johnson asserts, that “with Chapman Pope had frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version; which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the Greek.” This is also proved by Wakefield, who has shewn that he evidently knew little of the Greek, and even suspects that he had not a very ready acquaintance with the Latin version. Chapman’s arrogance, I suppose, consists in his continual assertion of the dignity of the poetical character; but what shall we say to the crime of being an *enthusiast* in poetry!!!

The following passages from the Iliad have been cited by Warton as favourable specimens of Chapman’s manner: the first is the comparison of Diomed to the autumnal star, at the beginning of the fifth book.

“ From his bright helme and shield, did burne, a most unweareid  
fire: . . .  
Like rich Autumnus’ golden lampe, whose brightness men  
admire,  
Past all the other host of starres, when with his cheareful face  
Fresh washt in lofie Ocean waves, he doth the skies enchace.”

The sublime imagery of Neptune's procession to assist the Grecians is thus rendered :

"The woods and all the great hills neare, trembled beneath the weight  
Of his immortal moving feet: three steps he only tooke,  
Before he farr-off *Aege* reach'd: but with the fourth it shooke  
With his dread entrie: in the depth of those seas did he hold  
His bright and glorious pallace, built of never-rusting gold:  
And there arriv'd, he put in coach his brazen-footed steeds  
All golden-maned, and paced with wings, and all in golden  
weeds

Himself he clothed. The golden scourge most elegantly done  
He tooke, and mounted to his seat, and then the god begun  
To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlpools  
every way

The whales exulted under him, and knewe their king: the sea  
For joy did open, and his horse so swift and lightly flew,  
The under axeltree of brasse no drop of water drew."

I shall make no apology for laying before the reader the following interesting extract from Chapman's preface to the Iliad, especially as it may tend to illustrate the justice with which he was accused of poetical enthusiasm by Pope. This enthusiasm pervades all that he has done; this self-devotion to his art, this consciousness of the beauty and value of it when rightly understood, this contempt for the great vulgar and the small who disparaged it, are delightful and distinguishing traits of the poet.

“To all sciences therefore I must still (with our learned and ingenious Spondanus) prefer it, as having a perpetual commerce with the Divine Majesty; embracing and illustrating all his most holy precepts, and enjoying continual discourse with his thrice perfect and most comfortable Spirit. And as the contemplative life is most worthily and divinely preferred by Plato, to the active; as much as the head to the foot; the eye to the head; reason to sense; the soul to the body: the end itself, to all things directed to the end: quiet to motion; and eternity to time;—so much prefer I divine poesy to all worldly wisdom.——Poesy is the flower of the sun, and despairs to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures and counsels from the vulgar; *ne eviliscant* (saith our Spondanus), we have example sacred enough, that true poesy, humility, poverty, and contempt, are badges of divinity, not vanity. Bray then, and bark against it, ye wolf-faced worldlings, that nothing but honours, riches, and magistracy, *nescio quos turgide spiratis* (that I may use the words of our friend still) *qui solas leges Justinianas crepatiſ*; *paragraphium unum aut alterum, pluris quam vos ipſos faciſtis*, &c. I (for my part) shall ever esteem it much more manly and sacred, in this harmless and pious study, to sit till I sink into my

grave, than shine in our vainglorious bubbles and impieties;—all your poor policy's wisdoms, their trappings, at no more valuing than a musty nut."

It may be said that this enthusiasm has tended sometimes to make his style turgid and inflated, and occasionally even bombastic; but these defects may be forgiven him in favour of his spirit, and the pregnant sense of his verses: they are such as must not be hastily read to be relished, and require all the reader's attention to properly enjoy them; the sense does not always lie upon the surface, but will amply repay those who are content to think while they read, or who love books for other purposes than merely to "curtoll a tedious hour."

Although Chapman's reputation stood high with such of his cotemporaries as were capable of appreciating his merits, it is obvious that, from this circumstance, his poems could not have been very popular. He is fully sensible of this; and in dedicating one of his earlier productions to his friend, Matthew Roydon, he thus expresses himself:—"Such is the wilfull povertie of iudgements (sweet Ma:) wandring like pasportles men, in contempt of the divine discipline of poesy, that a man may well feare to frequent their walkes: the prophane multitude I hate, and onelie consecrate my strange poems to those

serching spirits, whom learning hath made noble and nobilitie sacred\*." It is probable his better judgment told him at length, that the fourteen syllable verse was not well adapted to heroic poetry, or he may have adopted it in the Iliad more in compliance with established custom, than from choice, as he appears to have preferred the heroic verse, even in his first publication. It is used in the Hymn to Night, and in the Hymn to Cynthia; where we find the following very judicious censure of that ridiculous attempt of Gabriel Harvey, Abraham Fraunce, and others, to introduce the metres of Latin poetry into English versification; an attempt which had completely failed in Italy at an earlier period, and which is so justly and happily ridiculed by the witty and satiric Nash in some of his pamphlets.

“Sweet poesie  
Will not be clad in her supremacie  
With those straunge garments (Rome's hexameters),  
As she is English: but in right prefers  
Our native robes, (put on with skilfull hands  
English heroicks) to those antick garlands  
Accounting it no meede but mookerie  
When her steepe browes alreadie prop the skies  
To put on starups, and yet let it fall.”

And we therefore find that he adopts this measure

\* Ovid's Banquet of Sence, &c. 1595, 4to.

in the translation of the *Odyssey*, the *Hymns*, and the *Georgics* of Hesiod, at a subsequent period. The diction and versification of all of these later performances is more chaste and natural, and at the same time equally vigorous with that of the *Iliad*.

One of the peculiarities of Chapman's versification, is the interlacing of the verses, or the running of the lines one into the other, so that the sense does not close with the couplet; this is what the French critics object to under the name of *enjambement des vers*, and is what made Ben Jonson say, “that the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but prose.” The practice, however, when not injudiciously excessive in its use, gives freedom and spirit to long compositions, while the strict observance of confining the sense to terminate with the couplet gives a stiff and formal air, and makes one rather seem to be reading a string of epigrams than a poem. The following judicious reflections of an excellent old poet and critic, in which our author's custom is defended, will place this subject in a just point of view:

“I must confess that, to mine own ear, those continual cadencies in couplets used in long continued poems, are very tiresome and unpleasing, by reason that still methinks they run on with a sound of one

nature, and a kind of certainty which stuffs the delight rather than entertains it. But yet notwithstanding, I must not out of my own daintiness condemn this kind of writing, which peradventure to another may seem most delightfull; and many worthy compositions we see to have passed with commendation in that kind. Besides methinks sometimes to beguile the ear with a running out and passing over the rhyme, as no bound to stay us in the line where the violence of the matter will break through, rather graceful than otherwise. Wherein I find my Homer-Lucan, as if he gloried to seem to have no bounds; albeit, he were confined within his measures, to be in my conceit most happy; for so thereby, they who care not for verse or rhyme, may pass it over without taking any notice thereof, and please themselves with a well-measured prose\*."

'The few particulars which are known of Chapman's life may be very briefly narrated. He was born in the year 1559†, and it is conjectured by

\* Samuel Daniel's Defence of Rhyme, 1602.

† Upon the authority of Wood, the date of Chapman's birth has always been placed in 1557, but from the inscription round his portrait prefixed to the Iliad it appears that he was only 57 in 1616, and must therefore have been born in 1559. I prefer this testimony, as the print was published in his life-time, and under his own eye.

Wood that he was a native of Kent, and allied to a family seated at Stone-Castle in that county: yet his friend, William Browne, designates him as “The learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill,” and unless we believe this to refer only to his then place of residence, Hertfordshire would have a better claim to enumerate him among her worthies, than Kent, as the evidence of a cotemporary must be deemed preferable to the conjecture of the Oxford antiquary. Of his youth, and the place at which he received the rudiments of education, nothing is known; it is however certain “that he passed two years at Trinity College, Oxford, with a contempt of philosophy, but in a close attention to the Greek and Roman classics\*.” He quitted the university about 1576, and it is supposed that he repaired to London, where he eventually became the friend and associate of those who were most distinguished for wit and genius; among his friends he enumerated Spenser, Shakespeare, Marlow, Daniel, Drayton, and others of minor celebrity. He is known to have early enjoyed the patronage of Sir Thomas Walsingham, and the friendship of his son, whom he loved from his birth.

The interval between Chapman’s quitting the

\* Warton, from the information of Mr. Wise, keeper of the Archives at Oxford.

university in 1576, and the first of his known publications in 1594\*, is so great, that we may conjecture he had before appeared as a writer anonymously, although we have no clue to his earlier performances: for so strong a propensity to letters, and so much poetic enthusiasm as marked his life even to its close, must surely have evinced itself at an earlier period than his thirty-fifth year. That he had previously been engaged as a writer for the stage there can be no doubt, and it appears that his *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, although not published until 1598, was played by the “Lord Admiral’s men” in the beginning of the year 1595†.

In this year was published his poem, entitled, “Ovid’s Banquet of Sence.” From which I have ventured to extract the following little lyrical effusion,

\* “The Shadow of Night, containing two Poetical Hymnes.”  
—Now reprinted at the end of the present volume.

† Henslowe’s papers, published by Mr. Malone in his Historical View of the English Stage.

‡ Ovid’s Banquet of Sence, a Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous Zodiacke; with a translation of a Latine copie (Sc. of verses), written by a Fryer, Anno Dom. 1400. *Quis Leget, &c.*

At London, Printed by I. R. for Richard Smith, Anno Dom. 1595.

as no ungraceful specimen of Chapman's powers in that species of composition.

## THE SONG OF CORYNNA.

“ ‘Tis better to contemne than love,  
And to be fayre than wise  
For soules are rulde by eyes :  
And Jove’s bird ceaz’d by Cypris’ dove  
It is our grace and sport to see,  
Our beauties sorcerie,  
That makes (like destinie)  
Men followe us the more we flee ;  
That sets wise Glosses on the foole,  
And turnes her cheeke to booke  
Where wisdome sees in lookes  
Derision, laughing at his schoole,  
Who (loving) proves prophanenes, holy ;  
Nature, our fate, our wisedome, folly.”

In this poem the following couplet, though bordering upon a conceit, is not deficient in fancy; describing the confusion of Corinna at being surprised while bathing, he says :

“ Shame from a bowre of roses did unahrowde,  
And spredd her crimson wings upon her face.”

The following year he published “The Shield of Achilles” from Homer, and soon after in the same year a translation of seven books of the Iliad, in 4to. In the year 1598, his first comedy, “The Blind Beggar

of Alexandria," was published, and in 1599 another comedy, called "A Humorous Day's Mirth." In 1605 was printed his comedy, entitled, "All Fools." Chapman joined with Jonson and Marston in writing the comedy of "Estward Hoe," which was printed in 1606, and had been performed by the Children of the Revels in the preceding year; in this play there appear to be some satirical allusions to Shakspeare, which have been without sufficient authority given to Ben Jonson. "The play was well received, as indeed it deserved to be, for it is exceedingly pleasant; but there was a passage in it reflecting on the Scotch, which gave offence to Sir James Murray, who represented it to the king in so strong a light, that orders were given to arrest the authors." They remained for a short period in prison, but it does not appear that any very serious punishment was meditated, and Mr. Gifford thinks that "the desire to spare Jonson operated in their favour, and procured an unconditional pardon \*." Jonson disclaimed to Drummond having had any thing to do with the offensive passage, saying, "that Chapman and Marston had written it amongst them;" and it appears that he stood in such favour at court, that Mr. Gifford says, "he was not

\* *Memoirs of Bea Jonson*, p. lxxiv.

molested, but voluntarily accompanied his two friends to prison."

In 1606, was published, "The Gentleman Usher," and "Monsieur D'Olive;" also the continuation of Marlow's "Hero and Leander,"\* a poem of eminent beauty. In 1607, his first tragedy of Bussy d'Ambois was printed; and in the same year his Cesar and Pompey made its appearance. The following year produced the conspiracy and tragedy of Charles Duke of Biron. In 1609, a poem entitled "Enthymiae Captus, or the Teares of Peace." In 1611, he published "May Day," a comedy, and in 1612, another, called "The Widow's Tears." At the close of this year he had the misfortune to lose his patron, Henry Prince of Wales, whose death he lamented deeply, and published on the occasion "An Epicede, or Funereal Song," which he dedicates to his "affectionate and true friend, Mr. Henry Jones," in the following pathetic strain: "The most unvaluable and dismayful loss of my most dear and heroical patron, Prince Henry, hath so stricken all my spirits to the earth, that I will never more dare to look up to any greatness; but resolving the little rest of my

\* Which has been made accessible to modern readers by the honourable zeal of Sir Egerton Brydges, who has reprinted it in the 2d vol. of the *Restituta*.

poor life to obscurity, and the shadow of his death, prepare ever hereafter for the light of heaven." There is no doubt that he felt severely the loss of this "bud of hope," which promised to open on his later days. The poem begins thus:

"If ever adverse influence envied  
The glory of our Lands, or took a pride  
To trample on our height; or in the eye  
Struck all the pomp of Principality,  
Now it hath done so.—Oh, if ever heaven  
Made with the earth his angry reckoning even,  
Now it hath done so. — — —

O God, to what end are thy graces given?  
Only to shew the world, men fit for heaven,  
Then ravish them, as if too good for earth?  
We know, the most exempt in wealth, power, birth,  
Or any other blessing, should employ  
(As to their chief end) all things they enjoy,  
To make them fit for heaven; and not pursue  
With hearty appetite, the damned crew  
Of merely sensual and earthly pleasures.  
But when one hath done so, shall strait the treasures  
Digg'd to, in those deeps, be consumed by death?  
Shall not the rest, that error swalloweth,  
Be, by the pattern of that master-piece,  
Help'd to instruct their erring faculties?"

There is much more in this strain; and after depicting the sorrow of the king, queen, and princess, and describing the love and unanimity of the family, he

enters upon the virtues of Prince Henry. A running marginal gloss thus expresses the sense of his verses: "Those that came to the prince's service seemed (compared to the places they lived in before) to rise from death to life."—"The prince's house an Olympus, where all contention of virtues were practised."—"The prince not to be wrought on by flattery."—"His knowledge and wisdom."—And here he introduces the following well wrought simile:

" Flatterers are household thieves, traitors by law,  
That rob kings' honours, and their souls' blood draw ;  
Diseases, that keep nourishment from their food.  
And as to know himself, is man's chief good,  
So that which intercepts that supreme skill,  
(Which flattery does) is the supreme ill :  
Whose looks will breed the basilisk in kings' eyes,  
That by reflection of his sight, dyes.

And as a nurse lab'ring a wayward child,  
Day and night watching it, like an offspring wild ;  
Sings with a standing throat, to worse from ill ;  
Lord-blesses it ;—bears with its peeks and cries ;  
And to give it a long life's miseries,  
Sweetens its food, rocks, kisses it again ;  
Plies it with rattles, and all objects vain.

So flatterers, with as servile childish things,  
Observe and sooth the wayward moods of kings."

It proceeds with the highest, and often with the most truly poetical panegyric of Henry's virtues,

and then reverts to the fatal disease which carried him off: in this part the following terrible and masterly personifications are to be found:

“ She saw fast by, the blood-affecting Fever,  
Even when th’ autumnal star began t’ expire,  
Gathering in vapours thin, ethereal fire, &c.

And now this loather of the lovely light,  
Begot of Erebus and ugly Night,  
Mounted in haste her new and noiseful car,  
Whose wheels had beam-spokes from th’ Hungarian star \*,  
And all the other frame and freight from thence  
Derived their rude and ruthless influence.  
Up to her left side leap’d infernal Death,  
His head hid in a cloud of sensual breath;  
By her sat furious Anguish, pale Despise;  
Murmur, and Sorrow, and possess Affright;  
Yellow Corruption, marrow-eating Care;  
Langour, chill Trembling, Fits irregular;  
Inconstant Collor, feeble-voic’d Complaint;  
Relentless Rigor, and Confusion faint;  
Frantio Distemper, and hare-eyed Unrest;  
And short-breath’d Thirst with ever burning breast;  
A wreath of adders bound her trenched brows,  
Where Torment ambush’d lay with all her throes.  
Marmarian lions, fringed with flaming manes,  
Drew this grim Fury and her brood of banes;  
Their hearts of glowing coals, murmur’d and roar’d  
To bear her crook’d yokes, and her banes abhor’d.”

\* The fever the prince died of is said to have had its rise in Hungary.

“Then from Hell’s burning whirl-pit up she haul’d,  
The horrid monster fierce Echidna call’d ;  
That from her Stygian jaws doth vomit ever,  
Quitture and venom, yet is empty never :  
Then burnt her blood-shot eyes, her temples yet  
Were cold as ice, her neck all drown’d in sweat :  
Paleness spread all her breast, her life’s heat stung.  
The mind’s interpreter, her scorched tongue,  
Flow’d with blue poison : from her yawning mouth  
Rheums fell like spouts fill’d from the stormy south ;  
Which, being corrupt, the hue of saffron took :  
A fervent vapour all her body shook :  
From whence her vexed spirits, a noisome smell,  
Exspired in fumes that look’d as black as hell.  
A ceaseless torrent did her nostrils steep,  
Her wither’d entrails took no rest, no sleep :  
Her swol’n throat rattled, warm’d with life’s last spark,  
And in her salt jaws painful coughs did bark.  
Her teeth were stain’d with rust, her sluttish hand  
She held out reeking like a new quenched brand :  
Arm’d with crook’d talons, like the horned moon,  
All cheer, all ease, all hope with her was gone.  
In her left hand a quenchless fire did glow,  
And in her right palm freezed Sithonian snow.”

I dare hardly trust myself with further extracts,  
but the following short passage, near the close of the  
poem, is too eminently beautiful to be omitted.

“On, on, sad train,—as from a cranny’d rock  
Bee-swarms, robb’d of their honey, ceaseless flock.  
Mourn, mourn,—dissected now his cold limbs lie ;  
Ah, knit so late with flame, and majesty.

Where's now his gracious smile, his sparkling eye?  
His judgment, valour, magnanimity?  
O God! what doth not one short hour snatch up  
Of all man's gloss?—Still overflows the cup  
Of his burst cares; put with no nerves together,  
And lighter than the shadow of a feather."

That he had reason to lament his "most gracious and sacred Mæcenas," to whom he had dedicated his Homer, there can be no doubt; for, in a subsequent edition, where it is inscribed to his "immortal memory," he thus apostrophizes him:

——— "Not thy thrice sacred will  
Signed with thy death, moves any to fulfil  
Thy just bequests to me."

It is supposed that he held some trifling place in the court of James, or of his queen, and it seems certain that the monarch had much respect for him, and valued his writings; yet the disgrace of the favourite Carre, Earl of Somerset, who appears to have been his patron, may have had its influence upon Chapman; for it is much to be feared that he lived, and died at the close of his honourable career, in poverty. "In a poem among the Ashmole papers, inscribed, *The Genius of the Stage, deplored the Death of Ben Jonson*; after noticing the general sorrow, the writer says:

— “ Why do Apollo’s sons  
Meet in such throngs, and whisper as they go,  
There are no more by sad affliction hurl’d,  
And friend’s neglect, from this inconstant world !  
Chapman alone went so : he that’s now gone  
Commands his tomb ; he scarce a grave or stone.”

It was manly and consistent with the spirit of such a being, that his attachments were not shaken by reverses of fortune in those to whom he had devoted himself; and thus we find him not only dedicating the *Odyssey* to Somerset in his prosperity, but these hymns are inscribed to him, in a noble strain, in his adversity. And however we may lament the unworthiness of the subject of his panegyric, we must admire the constancy and disinterested conduct of Chapman. In the beginning of the year 1613, the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave called forth the voice of public rejoicing, and the societies of Lincoln’s Inn and the Middle Temple resolved to shew their loyalty, their munificence, and their magnificence, by exhibiting a most splendid masque on the occasion at Whitehall. It appears from Dugdale’s *Origines Juridiciales*, that the expense incurred by the societies on this occasion amounted to the then enormous sum of 1086*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.* Chapman was employed for the poetry, and Inigo Jones

for the machinery. Mr. Bliss in his valuable edition of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, has extracted the following song from this masque\*; and it must be confessed that his taste has led him to a much more favourable specimen of Chapman's powers than any thing to be found in Ellis's specimens.

## SONG OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Bright *Panthea* borne to Pan,  
Of the noblest race of man,  
Her white hand to Eros giving  
With a kiss, join'd heaven to earth,  
And begot so fair a birth  
As yet never grac'd the living:  
A twin that all worlds did adorn,  
For so were *Love* and *Beauty* born.

\* “The memorable masque of the two honourable houses or innes of court, the Middle Temple, and Lincolne's Inne, as it was performed before the king at Whitehall on Shrove-Munday, at night, being the 15th of February, 1613, at the princely celebration of the most royal nuptials of the Palsgrave, &c.; with a description of their whole show, in the manner of their march on horseback, from the Master of the Rolls house to the court, with all their noble consorts, and shewful attendants; invented and fashioned, with the ground and special structure of the whole work, by Inigo Jones,” 4to. no date. The masque is dedicated to Sir E. Philips, then Master of the Rolls. At the end is printed an Epithalamium for the most happy nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth, &c.

Both so lov'd they did contend  
Which the other should transeend  
Doing either grace and kindness :  
*Love* from *Beauty* did remove  
Lightness, call'd her stain in love,  
Beauty took from *Love* his blindness.  
*Love* sparks made flames in *Beauty*'s eye,  
And *Beauty* blew up *Love* as high.

Virtue then commixt her fire,  
To which *Bounty* did aspire ;  
Innocence a crown conferring :  
*Mine* and *thine* were then unused,  
All things common, nought abused,  
Freely earth her fruitage bearing.  
Nought then was car'd for that could fade—  
And thus the golden world was made.

The same year he published his tragedy of “ *Bussy d'Ambois his Revenge*, ” which does not appear to have met with much success.

In 1614, he published “ *Andromeda Liberata*, the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda,” also inscribed in verse to the Earl and Countess of Somerset; and in this year appeared the first twelve books of his translation of the *Odyssey*. In 1616, he published his translation of *Museus*\*, which is dedicated to Inigo Jones, and subscribed “ his auncient poore

\* The divine poem of *Museus*, first of all books, translated by George Chapman.—London : printed by Isaac Jaggard, 1616.

friend." In the preface he warns the reader that what is now offered is nothing like "that partly excellent poem of Maister Marloe's—a different character being held through both the style, matter, and invention." This is said to be not much above mediocrity, is in a singular kind of measure, and the volume, which is of very diminutive size, is among the rarest treasures of English literature. Mr. Bliss has given the first few lines, which are here transcribed :

" Goddess, relate  
The witnesse-bearing light  
Of loves, that would not beare  
A human sight.  
The sea-man  
That transported marriages,  
Shipt in the night,  
His bosom ploughing the seas."

In 1618, he published his translation of the "Georgics of Hesiod, translated elaborately out of the Greek;" to which are prefixed, commendatory verses by Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton \*. This translation appears to possess much merit, and is in legitimate English heroic verse.

" Two wise Men, and all the rest Fools; or, a Comical Moral, censuring the Follies of that Age," was published in 1619. And in 1622, he published

\* London : printed by H. L. for Miles Patrick, 1618, 4to.

a poem on the Death of Sir Horatio Vere, “*Pro Vere Autumni lachrymae*,” whom he had before taken occasion to mention with honour in his Hymn to Cynthia. Two other poems were published in 1629, entitled, “Justification of a strange Action of Nero, in burying with a solemn Funerall one of the cast Hayres of his Mistresse Poppaea.”—And “A just Reprooche of a Romane Smell-feast, being the Fifth Satire of Juvenall.”

I know not in what year he published the Iliad and Odyssey united, as the book is without date; but it should appear that it was in 1616\*, that being the date on his portrait which accompanies this

\* To this edition there is an engraved title page by Hole, which runs thus: “The whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poets, in his Iliads and Odysses. Translated according to the Greeke by George Chapman. At London: for Nathaniel Butter.”—On the reverse of the title there is a fine spirited representation of Chapman’s head in the clouds, with the motto, *Conscium evasi diem*;—inscribed round it is “*Georgius Chapmanus Homeri Metaphrastes, Aet. LVII. MDCXVI.*”

Above it, “*Hæc est laurigeri facies divina Georgi  
Hic Phæbi decus est; Phæbumque Deus.*”

Beneath it, “*Optimus hic sese, qui novit cuncta Magistro  
Prospiciens rerum fines Meliora sequutus  
De Homero redivivus.*” Hes.

Seven kingdoms strove, which theyrs should Homer call,  
And now one Chapman, ownes him, from them all.

*Scotia Nobilis.*

edition; it is inscribed, as before observed, on another engraved plate, “To the Immortall Memorie of the Incomparable Heroe, Henrye Prince of Wales;” and he has added, at foot of the verses which are inscribed under it, the following distich, “*Ad Fassum.*”

To all Tyme's future, this Tyme's march extend,  
Homer, no patron founde; nor Chapman friend.

*Ignotus nimis omnibus;*  
*Sat notus, moritur sibi.*

There was a previous impression of both the Iliad and Odyssey complete, but separate. The title page to this edition had before served as a title to the edition of the Iliad, which was printed during the life of Prince Henry, without date, and which Warton, from an entry on the Stationer's books, supposed to have been published in 1611. It has been already noticed that the first twelve books of the Odyssey were published in 1614. My friend Mr. Douce is in possession of a presentation copy, in which Chapman has written “For my righte worthie Knighte, my exceeding noble freinde Sir Henry Fanshawe. A pore Homericall new yeare's gifte.”

Ereditorum Poetarum hujus Ævi, facile Principi Dno.  
Georgio Chapman; Homero (volit nolit Invidia Redivivo,  
I. M.—Tessellam hanc *χαρισματον*. D. D.

Ille simul Musas, et Homerum scripserit ipsum  
Qui scribit Nomen (Magne Poeta) tuum.

Two of his tragedies, "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany," and "Revenge for Honour," do not appear to have been printed until 1654, twenty years after his death. One of the last, though not the least perfect of his works, appears to have been the translation of the *Batrachomyomachia*, and the *Hymns of Homer*, now here reprinted, which were published in folio, without date, by Bill, the King's printer. From the appearance of the volume, and comparing it with other books printed by the same printer, it should seem to have been published after 1624. The volume, which is very rare, has an engraved title page, by William Pass\*, containing a portrait of Chapman at an advanced period of old age. This has been copied for the present occasion.

Deeply impressed with the beauty, the vigour, and raciness of the following versions, the editor has

\* In the upper compartment Homer is seated, with a book open before him; Hermes is at the back of his chair; Apollo, with whiskers, a pointed beard, and horrent hair, is on one side, with a lute in his hand: Minerva on the other. They are crowning Homer with a wreath of bay.

In the lower compartment is the portrait of Chapman surrounded by clouds, with the motto as before, *Conscium evasi sibi*, and above, the *Title* as copied in a future page. It is remarkable that the hymns are not mentioned in this title page.

thought that he should be doing no unacceptable service to the admirers of early poetry in reviving them: at the same time he must confess that their revival originated in a selfish feeling; the fact is, that he wished to possess them, and sought in vain for a copy, till accident at length threw one into the hands of a liberal friend, who allowed him the free use of it for the purpose. The two Original Hymns, by Chapman, may be deemed no mean addition to the value of this volume, for they are among the rarest of our English poetical tracts; and, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, original editions of the united contents of this little book, could not be purchased if they were in the hands of a dealer in early poetry, for so small a sum as twenty pounds \*.

The pecuniary value of them would, however, have had no weight with the editor; for, to the mere

\* The two following publications are enumerated by Warton and Malone: “a Book called Petrarche’s Seaven Penitential Psalms, in Verse, paraphrastically translated, with other Poems philosophical; and a Hymne to Christ upon the Crosse, written by George Chapman.” *Licensed to Mathew Selman, Jan. 13, 1611.*—Warton iii. 447.

“Poetical Essays on the Turtle and Phoenix, published with others on the same subject by Shakspeare, Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, at the end of Love’s Martyr, or Rosalin’s Complaint, 1601, 4to.”—Malone’s *Supplement to Shakespeare*, 1780, vol. i. p. 732.

collector of old poetry, their rarity alone would be enough to give them that degree of merit. But their claim to attention stands on quite different grounds: the value of these obsolete translations has been so well and so eloquently demonstrated by Mr. Godwin in the extract which has been already given, that there remains nothing to add on the subject. The reader's attention is however directed to the Hymn to Pan, the Hymns to Apollo and to Hermes; and when he has read these with the attention they claim, and with the proper allowances required to the peculiarities of Chapman, and the period at which he wrote, the present writer will be much disappointed if he does not derive great pleasure from the possession of these treasures of intellect. Well might Chapman exultingly say,

“In [these] songs I have made our shores rejoice,  
And Greek itself vaile to our English voice.”

Well might Wood call him “not the meanest of the English poets of his time,” and observe that “he obtained great repute by his admirable translations, and advancement of the English stage by his dramatic writings.” In an age prolific of writers of genius Chapman commanded the respect and the admiration of all who were capable of judging, and destitute of

Ben Jonson and William Browne are among those who mention him with affection and esteem; the former expressed his love for him to Drummond, and wrote verses in his praise; and the latter says, had Homer never existed,

“ My friend had lost his ever living glory \*.”

And in another place terms him

“ That learned swaine whose layes †  
Divinest Homer crowned with deathless bayes.”

And when enumerating the chiefest poets of his time, says,

“ Then in a straine beyond an oaten quill  
The learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill  
Sung the heroicke deeds of Greece and Troy  
In lines so worthy life, that I employ  
My reed in vaine to overtake his fame:  
All praisefull tongues do wait upon that name ‡.”

Whether there was a subsequent quarrel between Chapman and Jonson, or whatever was the cause, it appears that their friendship was not uninterrupted, Mr. Gifford has adduced some lines from a manuscript in the Ashmole collection, which bear the following

\* Britannia's Pastorals, Book I. Song 5.      † Ibid.

‡ Book II. Song 2.

title, “An Invective against Ben Jonson, by Mr. George Chapman.”

“Great-learned wittie Ben, be pleased to light  
The world with that three-forked fire; nor fright  
All us, the sublearn'd, with Luciferus boast  
That thou art most great, learn'd of all the earth  
As being a thing betwixt a humane birth  
And an infernal; no humanitye  
Of the divine soul shewing man in thee,” &c.

Mr. Gifford is unwilling to believe Chapman the author of these lines, which he calls “malicious trash;” but surely there is sufficient evidence of style in them to place the matter beyond doubt. It is to be feared there must have been some bitter provocation to call for this chastisement. Notwithstanding Mr. Gifford’s spirited vindication of him, it must be acknowledged that Jonson was reputed envious of his successful cotemporaries, and Chapman has been particularly mentioned as one of those he envied. Now it must be confessed that part of Drummond’s censure of Jonson has some points of character in common with the invective of Chapman in the preface to Homer, and it is not impossible that Jonson was also there pointed at.

Oldy’s\* says, but we know not on what authority, that “Chapman was much resorted to latterly by

\* MS. notes on *Langbaine’s Dramatic Poets*.

young persons of parts, as a poetical chronicle: but was very choice whom he admitted to him; and preserved in his own person the dignity of poetry." Wood represents him as a "person of most reverent aspect, religious, and temperate, qualities (says he) rarely meeting in a poet." John Davies of Hereford bears testimony to the rank and estimation in which he was held by his cotemporaries, in a copy of verses addressed to him under the title of "Father of our English poets," which, as they are a curious specimen of panegyric, may be here inserted. That Chapman was then struggling with poverty is evident from this address to him, "but his lofty mind sustained him still;" and he observes to his friend, Henry Jones, "That there may favours pass betwixt poor friends, which even the richest and greatest may envy."

TO MY HIGHLY VALUED MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN,  
FATHER OF OUR ENGLISH POETS.

I know thee not, good George, but by thy pen,  
For which I rank thee with the rarest men.  
And in that rank I put thee in the front,  
Especially of poets of account.  
Who art the treasurer of that company;  
But in thy hand too little cooin doth lie.  
For of all arts that now in London are,  
Poets get least in uttering their ware.

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But thou hast in thy heart, and head, and hand,  
Treasures of art, that treasure can command.  
Ah, would they could ! Then should thy wealth and wit  
Be equal ; and a lofty fortune fit.  
But, George, thou wert accurst ; and so was I,  
To be of that most blessed company.  
For, if they most are blest, that are most crost,  
Then, poets I am sure are blessed most.  
Yet we with rhyme and reason trim the times,  
Though they give little reason for our rhymes.  
The reason is, else error blinds my wits,  
They reason want, to do what honour fits.  
But let them do as please them, we must do  
What Phebus, sire of art, moves nature to \*.

Chapman died on the twelfth day of May, 1634, in the 75th year of his age, and was buried on the south side of the church of St. Giles's in the Fields. "Over his grave, near the south wall of the church, was soon after a monument erected, built after the way of the old Romans, by the care and at the charge of his beloved friend Inigo Jones †," and on it was inscribed, *Georgius Chapmanus, Poeta Ho-*

\* *From the Scourge of Folly, by John Davies of Hereford, printed about the year 1611, in 8vo.*

† It is unfortunate that this monument was destroyed with the old church ; but he has erected himself a more lasting and unperishable monument, which can only cease to exist with the language which he contributed so much to enrich and dignify by his translations.

mericus, *Philosophus verus* (etsi *Christianus Poeta*)  
plusquam celebris, &c."

"It is not clear (says Warton), whether Dryden's resolution to burn annually one copy of Chapman's best tragedy of *Bussy d'Ambois*, was a censure or a compliment." Surely the following passage from the dedication to 'The Spanish Fryer' is unequivocal: "I have sometimes wondered, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which amazed me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting. A dwarfish thought dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or at best a scantling of wit which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a *Statius* to Virgil's manes; and I have indignation enough to burn a *d'Ambois* annually to the memory of Jonson." This is an unjust and overcharged account of the style of Chapman's tragedy, and should not have come

from Dryden, who knew not how to avoid its principal defects in his own dramatic compositions. If Pope's accusation, cited in a former page, be true, and there is reason to believe it, Dryden is guilty of the basest injustice, in first pillaging, and then disparaging, Chapman's version of Homer. The following notice is in the dedication to the third volume of the Miscellanies: "The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two of the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they never could read over the Translation of Chapman without incredible transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself: for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse could carry him." I have before had occasion to observe, that the preference of Chapman and Fairfax, and the delight he took in their perusal, is highly creditable to the taste and discernment of Waller.

But I hasten from this ungrateful subject, and shall make the reader amends, by placing before him the opinion of one of the master spirits of the present times\*, who has known how to appreciate the

\* Mr. Charles Lamb, in his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," a selection in which is displayed the utmost judgment and taste. The critical notices are extremely valuable, and above any praise of mine.

merits and defects of Chapman with such skill, and in such an highly eloquent spirit of criticism, that I should deem it criminal to withhold it on this occasion, or to attempt to substitute any thing of my own.

“The selections which I have made from this poet, are sufficient to give an idea of ‘that full and heightened style’ which Webster makes characteristic of Chapman. Of all the English play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakespeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakespeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences; but in himself he had an eye to perceive, and a soul to embrace all forms. He would have made a great epic poet, if indeed he has not abundantly shewn himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation, as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honour of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry, with which Milton, as if personating one of the zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Sam-

son against the Uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's translations being read, is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural, and the most violent and forced expressions. He seems to grasp whatever words come first to hand during the impetus of inspiration, as if all other must be inadequate to the divine meaning. But passion (the all in all in poetry) is every where present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words, or in spite of them, be disgusted, and overcome their disgust. I have often thought that the vulgar misconception of Shakspeare, as of a wild irregular genius, 'in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties,' would be true of Chapman. But there is no scale by which to balance such disproportionate subjects as the faults and beauties of a great genius. To set off the former with any fairness against the latter, the pain which they give us should be in some proportion to the pleasure which we receive from the other. As these transport us to the highest heaven, those should steep us in agonies infernal."

The influence which the attention to our early

poets, of late become so prevalent, has had, and is still operating upon our literature, is too obvious and gratifying to be insisted on here. I cannot but exult that I have, at least in this and one other instance, lent my feeble aid in making accessible some of the most valuable specimens of poetical translation in our language. It remains to observe that in the following poems the orthography has been modernized, (it is hoped with proper discretion) in order to remove at least one difficulty out of the way of the modern reader, but exceptions have been made in favour of some old words become now entirely obsolete, and in a few instances for the sake of the rhyme: at p. 120, line 1, *ought* the modern equivalent would be *owed*, but as the latter previously occurs in the sense of *owned* the old orthography has been followed.—The Hymn to Apollo has been divided in the original Greek, by the modern editors Ruhnkenius, Ilgen, and Mathiæ, into *two*, upon the authority of some MSS. The first is inscribed to the *Delian*, the second to the *Delphian* Apollo, the division would be made in the translation at page 30, beginning at the line,

“ However I'll not cease the praise I owe.”

Just as this sheet is going to press I am informed by my much esteemed friend George Hibbert, Esq.

---

that the first edition of the first seven books of the Iliad, in his richly stored library, varies very materially from the subsequent impressions, and, he thinks, for the better. I have not deemed it prudent to enter more at large into the subject at present, as this preface is already of such unconscionable length, trusting that I may have a future opportunity of doing more ample justice to this "learned Theban." I could even wish that there might be sufficient encouragement to print his entire translation of Homer in a compressed and unostentatious portable form. The collation of copies, and all necessary attention I should most cheerfully bestow from the respect and gratitude I owe him. In the interim the following Hymns offer a fair specimen of his powers, they are one of his latest works, and he thus exults at their conclusion, in the honest consciousness of what he had achieved.

"The work that I was born to do is done!  
Glory to him that the conclusion  
Makes the beginning of my life: and never  
Let me be said to live, 'till I live ever."

I have no more to add but to wish that the reader may receive a portion of the pleasure in the perusal

of these pages which I have derived from them, if it be but the tithe, I am confident that he will be fully satisfied, and I shall deem myself amply rewarded.

NORTH END, FULHAM,  
*December 16, 1817.*

THE  
CROWNE of all HOMER'S WORKES,

*Batrachomyomachia;*

OR,

The Battaile of Frogs and Mise.

*Translated according to y<sup>e</sup> Originall*

By George

Chapman.

---

London :

*Printed by Iohn Bill, his MAIESTIE'S Printer.*



TO

MY EVER MOST-WORTHY-TO-BE-MOST HONOURED LORD,

THE EARL OF SOMERSET, &c.

---

*NOT forc'd by fortune; but since your free mind  
(Made by affliction) rests in choice resign'd  
To calm retreat, laid quite beneath the wind  
Of grace and glory: I well know, my Lord,  
You woudl not be entitled to a word  
That might a thought remove from your repose,  
To thunder and spit flames, as greatness does,  
For all the trumps that still tell where he goes.  
Of which trumps, Dedication being one,  
Me thinks I see you start to hear it blown.*

*But this is no such trump as summons lords  
'Gainst Envy's steel, to draw their leaden swords,  
Or 'gainst hare-lipp'd Detraction, Contempt;  
All which from all resistance stand exempt;*

*It being as hard to sever wrong from merit,  
As meat-indu'd from blood, or blood from spirit.  
Nor in the spirit's chariot rides the soul  
In bodies chaste, with more divine control;  
Nor virtue shines more in a lovely face,  
Than true desert is stuck off with disgrace.  
And therefore truth itself that had to bless  
The merit of it all, almighty ness,  
Would not protect it from the bane and ban  
Of all moods most distraught and Stygian;  
As counting it the crown of all desert,  
Borne to heaven, to take of earth, no part  
Of false joy here, for joys-there-endless troth,  
Nor sell his birthright for a mess of broth.  
But stay and still sustain, and his bliss bring,  
Like to the hatching of the blackthorn's spring,  
With bitter frosts, and smarting hail-storms forth;  
Fates love bees' labours; only pain crown's worth.  
This Dedication calls no greatness then,  
To patron this greatness-creating pen;  
Nor you to add to your dead calm a breath,  
For those arm'd angels, that in spite of death  
Inspir'd those flow'r's that wrought this poet's wreath,  
Shall keep it ever, Poesy's steepest star,  
As in Earth's flaming walls, Heaven's sevenfold car,  
From all the wilds of Neptune's wat'ry sphere,  
For ever guards the Erymanthian bear.*

*Since then your Lordship settles in your shade  
A life retir'd, and no retreat is made*

*But to some strength ; for else 'tis no retreat,  
But rudely running from your battle's heat,  
I give this as your strength : your strength, my Lord,  
In counsels and examples, that afford  
More guard than whole hosts of corporeal pow'r,  
And more deliverance teach the fatal hour.*

*Turn not your med'cine then to your disease,  
By your too set and slight repulse of these,  
The adjuncts of your matchless Odysseys ;  
Since on that wisest mind of man, relies  
Refuge from all life's infelicities.*

*Nor sing these, such division from them,  
But that these spin the thread of the same stream  
From one self distaff's stuff : for Poetry's pen,  
Through all themes, is t' inform the lives of men ;  
All whose retreats need strengths of all degrees ;  
Without which, had you even Herculean knees,  
Your foes fresh charges would at length prevail,  
To leave your noblest suff'rance no least sail.  
Strength then, the object is of all retreats ;  
Strength needs no friend's trust ; strength your foes  
defeats.*

*Retire to strength then, of eternal things,  
And you're eternal ; for our knowing springs  
Flow into those things that we truly know,  
Which, being eternal, we are render'd so.  
And though your high-fix'd light pass infinite far  
Th' adviseful guide of my still-trembling star,*

*Can give eclipse, since (blind) he all things saw,  
And to all, ever since liv'd lord and law.  
And though our mere-learn'd men, and modern wise,  
Taste not poor poesie's ingenuities,  
Being crusted with their covetous leprosies ;  
But hold her pains worse than the spiders' work,  
And lighter than the shadow of a cork :  
Yet th' ancient learn'd heat with celestial fire,  
Affirms her flames so sacred and entire ;  
That, not without God's greatest grace, she can  
Fall in the wid'st capacity of man\*.*

*If yet the vile soul of this verminous time,  
Love more the sale-muse, and the squirrel's chime,  
Than this full sphere of poesies sweetest prime ;  
Give them unenvied their vain vein and vent,  
And rest your wings in his approv'd accent  
That yet was never reach'd, nor ever fell  
Into affections bought with things that sell,  
Being the Sun's flow'r ; and wrapt so in his sky,  
He cannot yield to every candle's eye.*

*Whose most worthy discoveries, to your Lordship's  
judicial perspective, in most subdue humility  
submitteth,*

**GEORGE CHAPMAN.**

\* Ut non sine maximo favore Dei comparari queat.

PLATONIS IN IONE.

THE  
OCCASION OF THIS IMPOSED CROWNE.

---

AFTER this not only prime of poets, but philosophers, had written his two great poems of Iliads and Odysses; which for their first lights born before all learning were worthily called the Sun and Moon of the Earth; (finding no compensation) he writ in contempt of men this ridiculous poem of Vermin, giving them nobility of birth, valorous elocution not inferior to his heroes. At which the gods themselves put in amaze, called councils about their assistance of either army, and the justice of their quarrels, even to the mounting of Jove's artillery against them, and discharge of his three-fork'd flashes: and all for the devouring of a mouse. After which sleight and only recreative touch, he betook him seriously to the honour of the gods; in hymns resounding all their peculiar titles, jurisdictions, and dignities; which he illustrates at all parts, as he had been continually conversant amongst them: and whatsoever authentic poesy he omitted in the episodes, contained in his Iliads and Odysses, he comprehends and concludes in his Hymns and Epigrams. All his observance and honour of the gods, rather

moved their envies against him, than their rewards, or respects of his endeavours. And so like a man *verecundi ingenii* (which he witnesseth of himself) he lived unhonoured and needy till his death; and yet notwithstanding all men's servile and manacled miseries, to his most absolute and never-equalled merit; yea even bursten profusion to imposture and impiety; hear our ever-the-same intranced, and never-sleeping master of the Muses, to his last accents, incomparably singing.



### BATRAXOMYOMAXIA.

ENT'RING the fields, first let my vows call on  
The Muses whole choir out of Helicon  
Into my heart; for such a poem's sake,  
As lately I did in my tables take,  
And put into report, upon my knees.  
A fight so fierce, as might in all degrees  
Fit Mars himself, and his tumultuous hand,  
Glorying to dart to th' ears of every land  
Of all the <sup>1</sup> voice-divided; and to show  
How bravely did both frogs and mice bestow  
In glorious fight their forces; even the deeds  
Daring to imitate of Earth's giant seeds.  
Thus then, men talk'd; this seed the strife begat:  
The mouse, once dry; and scap'd the dangerous cat;

<sup>1</sup> Intending *men*: being divided from all other creatures by the voice, *ωροψ*, being a periphrasis, signifying *voce divisus*, of *μηρω dividō*, and *οψ* *ορδε vox*.

Drench'd in the neighbour lake, her tender beard,  
To taste the sweetness of the wave it rear'd.

The far-fam'd fen-affecter (seeing him) said ;  
" Ho, stranger ! what are you ? And whence, that tread  
This shore of ours ? who brought you forth ? Reply,  
What truth may witness, lest I find you lie.  
If worth fruition of my love, and me ;  
I'll have thee home ; and hospitality  
Of feast, and gift ; good and magnificent  
Bestow on thee : for all this confluent  
Resounds my royalty ; my name, the great  
In blown-up count'nances ; and looks of threat,  
<sup>1</sup> Physignathus ; ador'd of all frogs here  
All their days durance ; and the empire bear  
Of all their beings. Mine own being, begot  
By royal <sup>2</sup> Peleus ; mix'd in nuptial knot  
With fair <sup>3</sup> Hydromedusa ; on the bounds  
Near which <sup>4</sup> Eridanus, his race resounds.  
And thee, mine eye, makes my conceit inclined  
To reckon powerful, both in form and mind :  
A sceptre-bearer ; and past others far,  
Advanc'd in all the fiery fights of war.  
Come then, thy race, to my renown command."  
The mouse made answer ; " Why inquires my friend ?

<sup>1</sup> Φυσιγνάθος, Genas et buccas inflans.

<sup>2</sup> Πηλεύς, qui ex luto nascitur.

<sup>3</sup> Υδρομέδουσα. Aquarum regina.

<sup>4</sup> The river Po, in Italy.

For what so well, know men and deities,  
And all the wing'd affecters of the skies ?  
¹ Psycharpax, I am call'd; ² Troxarte's seed;  
Surnam'd the Mighty-minded: she that freed  
Mine eyes from darkness, was ³ Lichomyle,  
King ⁴ Pternotrocte's daughter; showing me  
Within an aged hovel, the young light:  
Fed me with figs and nuts, and all the height  
Of varied viands. But unfold the cause,  
Why, 'gainst similitudes most equal laws  
(Observ'd in friendship) thou mak'st me thy friend ?  
Thy life, the waters only help t' extend.  
Mine, whatsoever, men are us'd to eat,  
Takes part with them, at shorè: their purest cheat,  
Thrice boulted, kneaded, and subdu'd in past,  
In clean round kinnels; cannot be so fast  
From my approaches kept; but in I eat:  
Nor cheesecakes full of finest Indian wheat,  
That ⁵ crusty-weeds wear, large as ladies trains :  
⁶ Liverings (white-skin'd as ladies), nor the strains

¹ Ψυχάρπαξ. Gather-crum, or ravish-crum.

² Τρεξάρτης. Shear-crust.

³ Λιχομύλη. Lick-mill.

⁴ Πτεργοτράκτης. Bacon-flitch-devourer, or gnawer.

⁵ Ταρντετλός. *Extenso et promisso peplo amictus.* A metaphor taken from ladies veils, or trains, and therefore their names are here added.

⁶ Ηπατά λινοχιτώνα. Livering puddings white skin'd.

Of press'd milk, rennetted; nor collops cut  
 Fresh from the fitch: nor junkets, such as put  
 Palates divine in appetite; nor any  
 Of all men's delicates, though ne'er so many  
 Their cooks devise them, who each dish see deck'd  
 With all the dainties <sup>1</sup> all strange soils affect.  
 Yet am I not so sensual, to fly  
 Of fields embattled, the most fiery cry:  
 But rush out straight, and with the first in fight  
 Mix in adventure: no man with affright  
 Can daunt my forces, though his body be  
 Of never so immense a quantity.  
 But making up, even to his bed, access,  
 His fingers ends dare with my teeth compress;  
 His feet taint likewise; and so soft seize both,  
 They shall not taste th' impression of a tooth.  
 Sweet sleep shall hold his own, in every eye  
 Where my tooth takes his tartest liberty:  
 But two there are, that always, far and near  
 Extremely still, control my force with fear;  
 (The cat, and night-hawk), who much skathe confer  
 On all the outraises, where for food I err.  
 Together with the <sup>2</sup> streights-still-keeping trap,  
 Where lurks deceitful and set-spleen'd mishap.

<sup>1</sup> Πλευραποῖσι. Whose common exposition is only  
 ταῖς, when it properly signifies, *ex omni solo*.

<sup>2</sup> Στροβόσσας, of στρόβος, Angustus.

But most of all the cat constrains my fear,  
Being ever apt t' assault me every where ;  
For by that hole, that hope says, I shall 'scape,  
At that hole ever, she commits my rape.  
The best is yet, I eat no pot-herb grass,  
Nor radishes, nor coloquintida's :  
Nor still-green beets, nor parsley ; which you make  
Your dainties still, that live upon the lake."

The frog replied : " Stranger ! your boasts creep all  
Upon their bellies ; though to our lives fall ;  
Much more miraculous meats, by lake and land :  
Jove tend'ring our lives with a twofold hand,  
Enabling us to leap ashore for food,  
And hide us straight in our retreatful flood ;  
Which if your will serve, you may prove with ease.  
I'll take you on my shoulders, which fast seize,  
If safe arrival at my house y' intend.  
He stoop'd, and thither sprightly did ascend,  
Clasping his golden neck, that easy seat  
Gave to his sally : who was jocund yet ;  
Seeing the safe harbours of the king so near ;  
And he, a swimmer, so exempt from pere.  
But when he sunk into the purple wave,  
He mourn'd extremely ; and did much deprave  
Unprofitable penitence : his hair  
Tore by the roots up, labour'd for the air,  
With his feet fetch'd up to his belly, close :  
His heart within him panted out repose,

For th' insolent plight in which his state did stand ;  
Sigh'd bitterly, and long'd to greet the land,  
For'd by the dire need of his freezing fear.  
First, on the waters, he his tail did steer  
Like to a stern ; then drew it like an oar,  
Still praying the gods to set him safe ashore :  
Yet sunk he midst the red waves, more and more ;  
And laid a throat out to his utmost height :  
Yet in forc'd speech he made his peril slight,  
And thus his glory with his grievance strove ;  
Not in such choice state was the charge of love  
Borne by the bull ; when to the Cretan shore  
He swum Europa through the wavy roar ;  
As this frog ferries me, his palid breast  
Bravely advancing ; and his verdant crest  
(Submitted to my seat) made my support,  
Through his white waters, to his royal court.  
But on the sudden did appearance make  
An horrid spectacle ; a water-snake  
Thrusting his freckled neck above the lake.  
Which (seen to both) away Physignathus  
Div'd to his deeps, as no way conscious  
Of whom he left to perish in his lake ;  
But shun'd black fate himself ; and let him take  
The blackest of it : who amidst the fen  
Swum with his breast up ; hands held up in vain,  
Cried peepe, and perish'd : sunk the waters oft,  
And often with his sprawlings came aloft ;

Yet no way kept down death's relentless force,  
But (full of water) made an heavy corse.  
Before he perish'd yet, he threatened thus ;  
Thou lurk'st not yet from heaven (Physignathus)  
Though yet thou hid'st here, that hast cast from thee,  
As from a rock, the shipwreck'd life of me.  
Though thou thyself no better was than I,  
O worst of things, at any faculty ;  
Wrestling or race : but for thy perfidy  
In this my wreck, Jove bears a wreakful eye ;  
And to the host of mice, thou pains shalt pay  
Past all evasion. This, his life let say,  
And left him to the waters. Him beheld  
<sup>1</sup> Lichopinax, plac'd in the pleasing field,  
Who shriek'd extremely ; ran and told the mice ;  
Who, having heard his wat'ry destinies,  
Pernicious anger pierc'd the hearts of all ;  
And then their heralds forth they sent to call  
A council early, at Troxarte's house,  
Sad father of this fatal shipwreck'd mouse :  
Whose dead corse upwards swum along the lake ;  
Nor yet, poor wretch, could be enforc'd to make  
The shore his harbour ; but the mid-main swum :  
When now, all baste made, with first morn did come  
All to set council, in which first rais'd head,  
Troxarte's, angry for his son, and said :  
" O friends, though I alone may seem to bear  
All the infortune ; yet may all met here

<sup>1</sup> Λυχοπίναξ. Lick-dish.

Account it their case. But 'tis true, I am  
 In chief unhappy; that a triple flame  
 Of life, feel put forth, in three famous sons;  
 The first, the chief in our confusions  
 (The cat) made rape of, caught without his hole;  
 The second, man, made with a cruel soul,  
 Brought to his ruin with a new-found sleight;  
 And a most wooden engine of deceit,  
 They term a trap; mere <sup>1</sup> murd'ress of our mice.  
 The last that in my love held special price,  
 And his rare mothers; this Physignathus  
 (With false pretext of wafting to his house),  
 Strangled in chief deeps of his bloody stream.  
 Come then; haste all, and issue out on them,  
 Our bodies deck'd, in our Dedalean arms."  
 This said, his words thrust all up in alarms;  
 And Mars himself, that serves the cure of war,  
 Made all in their appropriates circular.  
 First on each leg the green shales of a bean  
 They clos'd for boots, that sat <sup>2</sup> exceeding clean;  
 The shales they broke ope, bootehaling by night,  
 And eat the beans; their jacks, art exquisite  
 Had shown in them, being cats skins, every where  
 Quilted with quills; their fenceful bucklers were,  
 The middle rounds of can'sticks; but their spear  
 A huge long needle was, that could not bear

<sup>1</sup> Ολιτρία. *Interfectrix perditrix.*

<sup>2</sup> Εν τ' ἀσκήσαντις, ἀτ σονια elaborate concinno.

The brain of any; but be Mars his own  
 Mortal invention. Their heads arming crown  
 Was vessel to the kernel of a nut;  
 And thus the mice their powers in armour put.

This the frogs hearing, from the water, all  
 Issue to one place; and a council call  
 Of wicked war; consulting what should be  
 Cause to this murmur and strange mutiny.  
 While this was question'd, near them made his stand  
 An herald with a sceptre in his hand,  
<sup>1</sup> Embasichytrus call'd, that fetch'd his kind  
 From <sup>2</sup> Tyroglyphus, with the mighty mind;  
 Denouncing ill-nam'd war in these high terms:  
 " O frogs! the mice sends threats to you of arms  
 And bid me bid ye battle; and fix'd fight;  
 Their eyes all wounded with Psycharpax sight,  
 Floating your waters, whom your king hath kill'd.  
 And therefore all prepare for force of field,  
 You that are best born, whosoever held."  
 This said, he sever'd, his speech firing th' ears  
 Of all the mice; but freez'd the frogs with fears,  
 Themselves conceiting guilty; whom the king  
 Thus answer'd, (rising.) " Friends! I did not bring  
 Psycharpax to his end; he, wantoning

<sup>1</sup> Εμβασίχυρος. Enter-pot, or search-pot.

<sup>2</sup> Τυρογλύφος. Cheese-miner. *Qui caseum rodendo cavat.*

Upon our waters, practising to swim,  
<sup>1</sup> Aped us, and drown'd; without my sight of him.  
And yet these worst of vermin, accuse me  
Though no way guilty. Come, consider we  
How we may ruin these deceitful mice.  
For my part, I give voice to this advice,  
As seeming fittest to direct our deeds;  
Our bodies decking with our arming weeds;  
Let all our pow'rs stand rais'd in steep'st repose  
Of all our shore; that when they charge us close  
We may the helms snatch off, from all so deck'd,  
Daring our onset; and them all deject  
Down to our waters. Who not knowing the sleight  
To dive our soft deeps, may be strangl'd straight;  
And we triumphing may a trophy rear,  
Of all the mice, that we have slaughter'd here."

These words put all in arms; and mallow leaves  
They drew upon their legs, for arming <sup>2</sup> greaves.  
Their curets, broad green beets; their bucklers were  
Good thick-leav'd cabbage; proof 'gainst any spear.  
Their spears sharp bulrushes; of which, were all  
Fitted with long ones. Their parts capital  
They hid in subtle cockleshells from blows.  
And thus, all arm'd, the steepest shores they chose

<sup>1</sup> Μιμησμός. Aping, or imitating us.

<sup>2</sup> Boots of war.

T' encamp themselves; where lance with lance they  
lin'd;  
And brandish'd bravely, each frog full of mind.

Then Jove call'd all God's in his flaming throne,  
And show'd all, all this preparation  
For resolute war. These able soldiers,  
Many, and great; all shaking lengthful spears:  
In show like Centaurs, or the giants host.  
When, sweetly smiling, he inquir'd who, most  
Of all th' immortals, pleas'd to add their aid  
To frogs or mice: and thus to Pallas said;

“ O daughter! must not you needs aid these mice?  
That with the odours, and meat sacrifice  
Us'd in your temple, endless triumphs make;  
And serve you, for your sacred victuals sake!”

Pallas reply'd: “ O father, never I  
Will aid the mice, in any misery.  
So many mischiefs by them I have found,  
<sup>1</sup> Eating the cotton that my distaffs crown'd;  
My lamps still haunting, to devour the oil.  
But that which most my mind eats, is their spoil  
Made of a veil, that me in much did stand:  
On which, bestowing an elaborate hand,

<sup>1</sup> Σπιρυματα, *Lanas*, eo quod colus cingant seu coronent.  
Which our learned sect translate eating the crowns that  
Pallas wore.

A fine woof working, of as pure a thread,  
Such holes therein their petulancies fed ;  
That, putting it to darning, when 'twas done,  
The darner, a most dear pay stood upon  
For his so dear paus, laid down instantly ;  
<sup>1</sup> Or, to forbear, exacted usury.  
So, borrowing from my fane, the weed I wove ;  
I can by no means th' usurous darner move  
To let me have the mantle to restore.  
And this is it that rubs the angry sore  
Of my offence took at these petulant mice.  
Nor will I yield, the frogs wants, my supplies,  
For their infirm minds ; that no confines keep ;  
For I, from war retir'd, and wanting sleep,  
All leap'd ashore in tumult ; nor would stay  
Till one wink seiz'd mine eyes : and so I lay  
Sleepless, and pain'd with headache ; till first light  
The cock had crow'd up. Therefore, to the fight  
Let no God go assistant ; lest a lance  
Wound whosoever offers to advance,.  
Or wishes but their aid, that scorn all foes,  
Should any gods access their spirits oppose.  
Sit we then pleas'd, to see from heaven, their fight.  
She said, and all gods join'd in her delight.  
And now, both hosts, to one field drew the jar ;  
Both heralds bearing the ostents of war.

<sup>1</sup> *Toxo*, *Partus et id quod partu edidit mater. Metap.*  
*hic appellatur fœnus quod ex usura ad nos reddit.*

And then the <sup>1</sup> wine-gnats, that shrill trumpets sound  
 Terribly rung out, the encounter, round.  
 Jove thund'red; all heaven, sad war's sign resounded.  
 And first, <sup>2</sup> Hypsiboas, <sup>3</sup> Lychenor wounded,  
 Standing th' impression of the first in fight.  
 His lance did in his liver's midst alight,  
 Along his belly. Down he fell; his face,  
 His fall on that part sway'd; and all the grace  
 Of his soft hair fil'd with disgraceful dust.  
 Then <sup>4</sup> Troglodytes his thick jaylin thrust  
 In <sup>5</sup> Pelion's bosom, bearing him to ground:  
 Whom sad death seiz'd; his soul flew through his  
 wound.

<sup>6</sup> Sentlæus next Embasichytrōs slew;  
 His heart through-thrusting: then <sup>7</sup> Artophagus threw  
 His lance at <sup>8</sup> Polyphon, and struck him quite  
 Through his mid-belly; down he fell upright,  
 And from his fair limbs took his soul her flight.

<sup>1</sup> Καναρί. *Culex tinarius.*

<sup>2</sup> Υψιβόας. Loud-mouth.

<sup>3</sup> Λιγχήνος. Kitchen-vessellicker.

<sup>4</sup> Τρωγλοδύτης. Hole-dweller. *Qui foramina subit.*

<sup>5</sup> Πηλαίωνα. Mud-born.

<sup>6</sup> Σευτλαῖος. Beet-devourer.

<sup>7</sup> Ἀρτοφάγος. The great bread-eater.

<sup>8</sup> Πολύφωνος. The great noise maker, shrill or big-voiced.

<sup>1</sup> Lymnocharis beholding Polyphon  
 Thus done to death, did with as round a stone  
 As that the mill turns, Troglodytes wound  
 Near his mid-neck, ere he his onset found ;  
 Whose eyes sad darkness seiz'd. <sup>2</sup> Lychenor cast  
 A flying dart off, and his aim so plac'd  
 Upon Lymnocharis, that <sup>3</sup> sure he thought  
 The wound he wish'd him ; nor untruly wrought  
 The dire success, for through his liver flew  
 The fatal lance ; which when <sup>4</sup> Crambaphagus knew,  
 Down the deep waves near shore, he, diving, fled ;  
 But fled not fate so ; the stern enemy fed  
 Death with his life in diving : never more  
 The air he drew in ; his vermillion gore  
 Stain'd all the waters, and along the shore  
 He lay extended ; his fat entrails lay  
 (By his small guts impulsion) breaking way  
 Out at his wound. <sup>5</sup> Lymnisius, near the shore  
 Destroy'd Tyroglyphus, which frightened sore  
 The soul of <sup>6</sup> Calamint ; seeing coming on  
 For wreak, <sup>7</sup> Pternoglyphus : who got him gone  
 With large leaps to the lake ; his target thrown

<sup>1</sup> Λιμνόχαρις. The lake-lover.

<sup>2</sup> Qui lambit culinaria vasa.

<sup>3</sup> Τρυπομας: intentissime dirigo, ut certum ictum inferam.

<sup>4</sup> Κραμβοφάγος. The cabbage-eater.

<sup>5</sup> Λιμνησιος. *Paludis incola.* Lake-liver.

<sup>6</sup> Καλαμινθιος. Qui in calamintha *herba palustri* habitat.

<sup>7</sup> Πτερνοφάγος. Bacon-eater.

Into the waters. <sup>1</sup> Hydrocharis slew  
 King <sup>2</sup> Pternophagus, at whose throat he threw  
 A huge stone; struck it high, and beat his brain  
 Out at his nostrils: earth blush'd with the stain  
 His blood made on her bosom. For next prize,  
 Lichopinax, to death did sacrifice  
<sup>3</sup> Borborocete's faultless faculties;  
 His lance enforc'd it; darkness clos'd his eyes.  
 On which when <sup>4</sup> Brassophagus cast his look,  
<sup>5</sup> Cnisiocetes by the heels he took;  
 Dragg'd him to fen from off his native ground;  
 Then seiz'd his throat, and sous'd him, till he drown'd.

But now, Psycharpax wreaks his fellow's deaths,  
 And in the bosom of <sup>6</sup> Pelusius sheaths,  
 In centre of his liver, his bright lance;  
 He fell before the author of the chance;  
 His soul to hell fled. Which <sup>7</sup> Pelobates  
 Taking sad note of, wreakfully did seize  
 His hands gripe full of mud, and all besmear'd  
 His forehead with it so, that scarce appear'd

<sup>1</sup> Υδρόχαρις. *Qui aquis delectatur.*

<sup>2</sup> Collup-devourer.

<sup>3</sup> Βορβοροχίτης. Mud-sleeper.

<sup>4</sup> Πιραστεφάγος. Leek or scallion lover.

<sup>5</sup> Κυνιστοδιάκτης. Kitchin-smell haunter, or hunter.

<sup>6</sup> Fenstalk.

<sup>7</sup> Πηλοβάτης, in *Lutum gradiens*.

The light to him, which certainly incens'd  
 His fiery spleen: who, with his weak dispens'd  
 No point of time, but rear'd with his strong hand  
 A stone so massy, it oppress'd the land,  
 And hurl'd it at him; when below the knee  
 It struck his right leg so impetuously;  
 It piecemeal brake it; he the dust did seize,  
 Upwards everted. But <sup>1</sup> Craugasides  
 Reveng'd his death, and at his enemy  
 Discharg'd a dart; that did his point imply  
 In his mid-belly. All the sharp-pil'd spear  
 Got after in, and did before it bear  
 His universal entrails to the earth,  
 Soon as his swoln hand gave his javlin birth.

<sup>2</sup> Sitophagus, beholding the sad sight,  
 Set on the shore; went halting from the fight,  
 Vex'd with his wounds extremely. And to make  
 Way from extreme fate, leap'd into the lake.

Troxartes struck, in th' insteps upper part,  
 Physignathus; who, (privy to the smart  
 His wound imparted) with his utmost haste  
 Leap'd to the lake, and fled. Troxartes cast  
 His eye upon the foe that fell before;  
 And, seeing him half-liv'd, long'd again to gore

<sup>1</sup> Κραυγασίδης. Vociferator.

<sup>2</sup> Σιροφάγος. Eat-corn.

His gutless bosom ; and, to kill him quite,  
 Ran fiercely at him. Which <sup>1</sup> Prassæus' sight  
 Took instant note of ; and the first in fight  
 Thrust desp'rate way through, casting his keen lance  
 Off at Troxartes ; whose shield turn'd th' advance  
 The sharp head made, and check'd the mortal chance.

Amongst the mice fought an egregious  
 Young springall, and a close-encount'ring mouse:  
 Pure <sup>2</sup> Artepibulus, his dear descent ;  
 A prince that Mars himself show'd, where he went  
 (Call'd <sup>3</sup> Meridarpax), of so huge a might ;  
 That only he still domineer'd in fight  
 Of all the mouse host. He advancing close  
 Up to the lake, past all the rest arose  
 In glorious object ; and made vaunt that he  
 Came to depopulate all the progeny  
 Of frogs, affected with the lance of war.  
 And certainly, he had put on as far  
 As he advanc'd his vaunt ; he was endu'd  
 With so unmatch'd a force and fortitude,  
 Had not the father, both of gods and men  
 Instantly known it ; and the frogs, even then  
 Given up to ruin, rescu'd with remorse.  
 Who (his head moving) thus began discourse :

<sup>1</sup> Πρασσαῖος. Scallion-devourer.

<sup>2</sup> Αρτεπιβούλος. Bread-betrayer.

<sup>3</sup> Μεριδάρπαξ. Scrap, or broken meat eater.

“ No mean amaze affects me to behold  
Prince Meridarpax, rage so uncontrol’d,  
In thirst of frog-blood ; all along the lake:  
Come therefore still, and all addression make;  
Dispatching Pallas, with tumultuous Mars,  
Down to the field, to make him leave the wars :  
How <sup>1</sup> potently soever he be said,  
Where he attempts once to uphold his head.”

Mars answered ; “ O Jove ; neither she nor I,  
With both our aids, can keep depopulacy  
From off the frogs. And therefore arm we all ;  
Even thy lance letting brandish to his call  
From off the field : that from the field withdrew  
The Titanois ; the Titanois that slew ;  
Though most exempt from match, of all earth’s seeds  
So great and so inaccessible deeds  
It hath proclaim’d to men ; bound hand and foot,  
The vast Enceladus ; and ras’d by th’ root  
The race of upland giants. This speech past ;  
Saturnius, a smoking lightning cast  
Amongst the armies ; thund’ring then so sore,  
That with a rapturing circumflex he bore  
All huge heaven over. But the terrible ire  
Of his dart, sent abroad, all wrapt in fire,  
Which certainly his very finger was,  
Amaz’d both mice and frogs. Yet soon let pass

<sup>1</sup> *Kερσος, validus seu potens in retinendo.*

Was all this by the mice, who, much the more,  
 Burn'd in desire t' exterminate the store  
 Of all those lance-lov'd soldiers. Which had been,  
 If, from Olympus, Jove's eye had not seen  
 The frogs with pity; and with instant speed  
 Sent them assistants. Who, ere any heed  
 Was given to their approach, came crawling on  
 With <sup>1</sup> anvils on their backs; that, beat upon  
 Never so much, are never wearied, yet  
 Crook-paw'd; and wrested on with foul cloveh feet:  
<sup>2</sup> Tongues in their mouths, brick-back'd, all over bone,  
 Broad shoulder'd; whence a ruddy yellow shone.  
 Distorted, and small thigh'd; had eyes that saw  
 Out at their bosoms. Twice four feet did draw  
 About their bodies. Strong-neck'd, whence did rise  
 Two heads; nor could to any hand be prize.  
 They call them lobsters,—that eat from the mice  
 Their tails, their feet, and hands, and wrested all  
 Their lances from them so; that cold appall  
 The wretches put in rout, past all return.  
 And now the fount of light forbore to burn  
 Above the earth. When, which men's laws command,  
 Our battle, in one day, took absolute end.

<sup>1</sup> Ναραχμονις. Incudes ferentes, or anvil backed. Α'κμων.  
*Incus, dicta per syncopen, quasi nullis ictibus fatigetur.*

<sup>2</sup> Ψαλιδοσομος. Forcipem in ore habens.

ALL THE  
HYMNS OF HOMER.

---

A Hymn to Apollo.

I WILL remember, and express the praise  
Of heaven's far-darter, the fair king of days;  
Whom even the gods themselves fear when he goes  
Through Jove's high house; and when his goodly bows  
He goes to bend, all from their thrones arise,  
And cluster near, t' admire his faculties.  
Only Latona stirs not from her seat  
Close by the thunderer, till her son's retreat  
From his dread archery; but then she goes,  
Slackens his string, and shuts his quiver close;  
And (having taken to her hand, his bow,  
From off his able shoulders,) doth bestow  
Upon a pin of gold the glorious Tiller;  
The pin of gold fix'd in his father's pillar.

Then doth she to his throne his state uphold,  
Where his great father, in a cup of gold,  
Serves him with nectar; and shows all, the grace  
Of his great son. Then th' other gods take place.

His gracious mother glorying to bear  
So great an archer, and a son so clear.

All hail, O blest Latona! to bring forth  
An issue of such all-out-shining worth,  
Royal Apollo, and the queen that loves  
The hurls of darts. She in th' Ortygian groves,  
And he, in cliffy Delos, leaning on  
The lofty Oros; and being built upon  
By Cynthus prominent: that his head rears  
Close to the palm, that Inops fluent cheers.

How shall I praise thee, far being worthiest praise?  
O Phoebus! to whose worth the law of lays  
In all kinds is ascrib'd. If feeding flocks  
By continent or isle, all eminen'st rocks  
Did sing for joy; hill-tops, and floods in song  
Did break their billows, as they flow'd along  
To serve the sea. The shores, the seas, and all  
Did sing as soon as from the lap did fall  
Of blest Latona, thee the joy of man.  
Her child-bed made, the mountain Cynthian  
In rocky Delos, the sea-circled isle;  
On whose all sides the black seas break their pile,  
And overflow'd for joy, so frank a gale  
The singing winds did on their waves exhale.

Here born, all mortals live in thy commands;  
Whoever Crete holds; Athens; or the strands  
Of th' isle *Ægina*; or the famous land

For ships (Euboea), or Eresia;  
Or Peparethus, bord'ring on the sea.  
Ægas, or Athos, that dòth Thrace divide  
And Macedon: Or Pelion, with the pride  
Of his high forehead. Or the Samian isle,  
That likewise lies near Thrace; or Scyrus soil;  
Ida's steep tops. Or all that Phocis fill;  
Or Autocanes, with the heaven-high hill;  
Or populous Imber: Lemnos without ports;  
Or Lesbos, fit for the divine resorts;  
And sacred soil of blest Æolion.  
Or Chius that exceeds comparison  
For fruitfulness; with all the isles that lie  
Embrac'd with seas. Mimas, with rocks so high,  
Or lofty-crown'd Corycius, or the bright  
Charos; or Æsagæus' dazzling height;  
Or watery Samos. Mycale, that bears  
Her brows even with the circles of the spheres.  
Miletus, Cous, that the city is  
Of voice-divided-choice humanities.  
High Cnidus; Carpathus, still struck with wind.  
Naxus, and Paros; and the rocky-min'd  
Rugged Rhæna. Yet through all these parts,  
Latona, great-grown, with the king of darts,  
Travail'd; and tried if any would become  
To her dear birth an hospitable home.  
All which extremely trembled, (shook with fear),  
Nor durst endure so high a birth to bear  
In their free states; though, for it, they became  
Never so fruitful, till the reverend dame

Ascended Delos; and her soil did seize  
With these wing'd words: "O Delos! wouldest thou  
please

To be my son Apollo's native seat,  
And build a wealthy fane to one so great;  
No one shall blame or question thy kind deed.  
Nor think I, thou dost sheep or oxen feed  
In any such store, or in vines exceed;  
Nor bring'st forth such innumerable plants,  
Which often make the rich inhabitants  
Careless of Deity. If thou then shouldst rear  
A fane to Phœbus, all men would confer  
Whole hecatombs of beeves for sacrifice,  
Still thronging hither. And to thee would rise  
Ever unmeasur'd odours, shouldst thou long  
Nourish thy king thus, and from foreign wrong  
The gods would guard thee; which thine own address  
Can never compass for thy barrenness."

She said, and Delos joy'd; replying thus:  
" Most happy sister of Saturnius!  
I glady wouldest, with all means entertain  
The king your son; being now despis'd of men;  
But should be honour'd with the greatest then.  
Yet this I fear, nor will conceal from thee;  
Your son, some say, will author misery  
In many kinds, as being to sustain  
A mighty empire over gods and men,

Upon the holy-gift-giver the earth.  
And bitterly I fear that when his birth  
Gives him the sight of my so barren soil  
He will condemn, and give me up to spoil;  
Enforce the sea to me, that ever will  
Oppress my heart with many a wat'ry hill.  
And therefore let him choose some other land  
Where he shall please, to build at his command  
Temple and grove, set thick with many a tree.  
For wretched Polypusses bred in me  
Retiring chambers; and black sea-calves den  
In my poor soil, for penury of men.  
And yet, O goddess, wouldst thou please to swear  
The gods great oath to me, before thou bear  
Thy blessed son here; that thou wilt erect  
A fane to him, to render the effect  
Of men's demands to them before they fall;  
Then will thy son's renown be general;  
Men will his name in such variety call.  
And I shall then be glad his birth to bear."  
This said, the gods great oath, she thus did swear:  
" Know this, O earth! broad heaven's inferior sphere,  
And of black Styx, the most infernal lake  
(Which is the gravest oath the gods can take)  
That here shall ever rise to Phoebus's name  
An odorous fane and altar; and thy fame  
Honour, past all isles else, shall see him employ'd."  
Her oath thus took, and ended, Delos joy'd

In mighty measure, that she should become  
To far-shot Phœbus' birth the famous home.

Latona then, nine days and nights did fall  
In hopeless labour, at whose birth were all  
Heaven's most supreme, and worthy goddesses.  
Dione, Rhæa, and th' exploratress  
Themis; and Amphitrite, that will be  
Pursu'd with sighs still. Every deity,  
Except the snowy-wristed wife of Jove,  
Who held her moods aloft, and would not move:  
Only Lucina, to whose virtue vows  
Each childbirth patient, heard not of her throes;  
But sat, by Juno's counsel, on the brows  
Of broad Olympus, wrap'd in clouds of gold.  
Whom Jove's proud wife, in envy did withhold,  
Because bright-lock'd Latona was to bear  
A son so faultless; and in force so clear.  
The rest, Thaumantia, sent before to bring  
Lucina to release the envied king:  
Assuring her, that they would straight confer  
A carcanet, nine cubits long, on her,  
All woven with wires of gold. But charg'd her then,  
To call apart from th' ivory-wristed queen  
The childbirth-guiding goddess; for just fear  
Lest her charge utter'd in Saturnia's ear;  
She, after, might dissuade her from descent.  
When wind-swift-footed Iris knew th' intent  
Of th' other goddesses, away she went;

And instantly she pass'd the infinite space  
'Twixt earth and heaven, when, coming to the place  
Where dwelt th' immortals; straight without the gate  
She got Lucina; and did all relate  
The goddesses commanded; and inclin'd  
To all that they demanded, her dear mind.  
And on their way they went, like those two doves  
That, walking highways, every shadow moves  
Up from the earth; forc'd with their natural fear.  
When ent'ring Delos, she that is so dear  
To dames in labour, made Latona straight  
Prone to delivery; and to yield the weight  
Of her dear burthen, with a world of ease.  
When, with her fair hand, she a palm did seize,  
And, staying her by it, stuck her tender knees  
Amidst the soft mead; that did smile beneath  
Her sacred labour, and the child did breathe  
The air in th' instant. All the goddesses  
Break in kind tears, and shrieks for her quick ease.  
And thee, O archer Phoebus, with waves clear  
Wash'd sweetly over, swaddled with sincere  
And spotless swathbands; and made then to flow  
About thy breast, a mantle, white as snow;  
Fine, and new made; and cast a veil of gold  
Over thy forehead. Nor yet forth did hold  
Thy mother for thy food, her golden breast:  
But Themis, in supply of it, address'd  
Lovely Ambrosia; and drank off to thee  
A bowl of nectar, interchangeably

With her immortal fingers, serving thine.  
And when, O Phoebus, that eternal wine  
Thy taste had relish'd, and that food divine;  
No golden swathband longer could contain  
Thy panting bosom: all that would constrain  
Thy soon-eas'd godhead, every feeble chain  
Of earthly child-rights, flew in sunder, all.  
And then didst thou thus to the deities call:

“ Let there be given me my lov'd lute and bow,  
I'll prophesy to men; and make them know  
Jove's perfect counsels.” This said, up did fly  
From broad-way'd earth, the unshorn deity,  
Far-shot Apollo. All th' immortals stood  
In steep amaze to see Latona's brood.  
All Delos, looking on him, all with gold  
Was loaden straight; and joy'd to be extoll'd  
By great Latona so, that she decreed  
Her barrenness should bear the fruitful'st seed  
Of all the isles, and continents of earth;  
And lov'd her, from her heart so, for her birth.  
For so she flourish'd, as a hill that stood  
Crown'd with the flow'r of an abundant wood.  
And thou, O Phoebus, bearing in thy hand  
Thy silver bow, walk'st over every land;  
Sometimes ascend'st the rough-hewn rocky hill  
Of desolate Cynthus, and sometimes tak'st will  
To visit islands, and the plumps of men.  
And many a temple, all ways, men ordain

To thy bright godhead ; groves, made dark with trees,  
And never shorn, to hide ye deities.  
All high-lov'd prospects, all the steepest brows  
Of far-seen hills ; and every flood that flows  
Forth to the sea, are dedicate to thee.  
But most of all, thy mind's alacrity  
Is rais'd with Delos ; since to fill thy fane  
There flocks so many an Ionian,  
With ample gowns, that flow down to their feet :  
With all their children ; and the reverend sweet  
Of all their pious wives. And these are they  
That (mindful of thee) even thy deity  
Render more sprightly, with their champion fight,  
Dances, and songs, perform'd to glorious sight ;  
Once having publish'd, and proclaim'd their strife.  
And these are acted with such exquisite life  
That one wou'd say, " Now, the Ionian strains  
Are turn'd immortals ; nor know what age means."  
His mind would take such pleasure from his eye,  
To see them serv'd, by all mortality.  
Their men so humane ; women so well grac'd ;  
Their ships so swift ; their riches so increas'd,  
Since thy observance. Who (being all before  
Thy opposites) were all despis'd, and poor.  
And to all these, this absolute wonder add,  
Whose praise shall render all posterities glad :  
The Delian virgins are thy handmaids, all ;  
And since they serv'd Apollo, jointly fall  
Before Latona, and Diana too  
In sacred service ; and do therefore know

How to make mention of the ancient trimms  
Of men and women, in their well-made hymns,  
And soften barbarous nations with their songs.  
Being able all to speak the several tongues  
Of foreign nations, and to imitate  
Their musics there, with art so fortunate,  
That one would say; there every one did speak,  
And all their tunes in natural accents break.  
Their songs, so well compos'd are, and their art  
To answer all sounds, is of such desert.

But come, Latona, and thou king of flames,  
With Phœbe, rect'ress of chaste thoughts in dames;  
Let me salute ye, and your graces call  
Hereafter to my just memorial.

And you, O Delian virgins, do me grace,  
When any stranger of our earthy race  
Whose restless life, affliction hath in chase,  
Shall hither come and question you; who is  
To your chaste ears of choicest faculties  
In sacred poesy, and with most right  
Is author of your absolut'st delight;  
Ye shall yourselves do all the right ye can  
To answer for our name:—"the sightless man  
Of stony Chios, all whose poems shall  
In all last ages stand for capital."  
This for your own sakes I desire; for I  
Will propagate mine own precedencey,

As far as earth shall well-built cities bear;  
Or human conversation is held dear.  
Not with my praise direct, but praises due;  
And men shall credit it, because 'tis true.

However, I'll not cease the praise I vow  
To far-shot Phoebus with the silver bow,  
Whom lovely-hair'd Latona gave the light.  
O king! both Lycia is in rule thy right;  
Fair Mœonie, and the maritimal  
Miletus, wish'd to be the seat of all.

But chiefly Deles, girt with billows round,  
Thy most respected empire doth resound.  
Where thou to Pythus went'st, to answer there,  
As soon as thou wert born, the burning ear  
Of many a far-come, to hear future deeds;  
Clad in divine and odoriferous weeds.  
And with thy golden fescue play'dst upon  
Thy hollow harp; that sounds to heaven set gone.

Then to Olympus, swift as thought he flew  
To Jove's high house; and had a retinue  
Of God's to attend him. And then straight did fall  
To study of the harp, and harpsical,  
All th' immortals. To whom every muse  
With ravishing voices did their answers use,  
Singing th' eternal deeds of Deity.  
And from their hands what hells of misery

Poor Humans suffer, living desperate quite ;  
And not an art they have, wit, or deceit,  
Can make them manage any act aright :  
Nor find with all the soul they can engage,  
A salve for death, or remedy for age.

But here, the fair-hair'd Graces, the wise Hours,  
Harmonia, Hebe, and sweet Venus' pow'rs,  
Danc'd; and each others, palm to palm, did cling.  
And with these danc'd not a deformed thing :  
No forspoke dwarf, nor downward witherling ;  
But all with wond'rous goodly forms were deck'd,  
And mov'd with beauties of unpriz'd aspect.

Dart-dear Diana, even with Phœbus bred,  
Danc'd likewise there; and Mars a march did tread,  
With that brave bevy. In whose consort fell  
Argicides, th' ingenious sentinel.  
Phœbus-Apollo, touch'd his lute to them ;  
Sweetly and softly : a most glorious beam  
Casting about him, as he danc'd and play'd,  
And even his feet were all with rays array'd.  
His weed and all of a most curions trim,  
With no less lustre grac'd, and circled him.

By these, Latona, with a hair that shin'd  
Like burnish'd gold ; and (with the mighty mind),  
Heaven's counsellor (Jove), sat with delightsome eyes  
To see their son new rank'd with deities.

How shall I praise thee then, that art all praise?  
Amongst the brides shall I thy deity raise?  
Or being in love, when sad thou went'st to woo  
The virgin Aza? and didst overthrow  
The even-with-God's, Elation's mighty seed,  
That had of goodly horse so brave a breed;  
And Phorbas, son of sovereign Triopus;  
Valiant Leucippus, and Ereutheus,  
And Triopus himself with equal fall;  
Thou but on foot, and they on horseback all.

Or shall I sing thee, as thou first didst grace  
Earth with thy foot, to find thee forth a place  
Fit to pronounce thy oracles to men?  
First from Olympus thou alightedst then  
Into Pieria; passing all the land  
Of fruitless Lesbos, chok'd with drifts of sand.  
The Magnets likewise, and the Perrhabes,  
And to Iolcus variedst thy access,  
Cenæus' tops ascending; that their base  
Make bright Eubœa, being of ships the grace.  
And fix'd thy fair stand in Lelantus' field;  
That did not yet thy mind's contentment yield  
To raise a fane on, and a sacred grove.  
Passing Eurypus then, thou mad'st remove  
Up to earth's ever-green and holiest hill.  
Yet swiftly, thence too, thou transcendedst still  
To Mycalessus, and didst touch upon  
Teucmessus, apt to make green couches on,

And flowery field-beds. Then thy progress found  
Thebes out, whose soil with only woods was crown'd.  
For yet was sacred Thebes no human seat,  
And therefore were no paths nor highways beat  
On her free bosom, that flows now with wheat;  
But then, she only wore on it a wood.  
From hence (even loth to part, because it stood  
Fit for thy service) thou putt'st on remove  
To green Onchestus, Neptune's glorious grove;  
Where new-tam'd horse bred, nourish nerves so rare,  
That still they frolic, though they travail'd are  
Never so sore; and hurry after them  
Most heavy coaches: but are so extreme  
(In usual-travail) fiery-and free;  
That though their coachman ne'er so masterly  
Governs their courages, he sometimes must  
Forsake his seat, and give their spirits their lust:  
When, after them, their empty coach they draw,  
Foaming, and neighing, quite exempt from awe.  
And if their coachman guide through any grove  
Unshorn, and vow'd to any deity's love:  
The lords encoach'd, leap out, and all their care  
Use to allay their fires, with speaking fair;  
Stroking and trimming them; and in some queach,  
Or strength of shade, within their nearest reach,  
Reining them up, invoke the deified king  
Of that unshorn and everlasting spring;  
And leave them then to her preserving hands,  
Who is the fate that there the God commands.

And this was first, the sacred fashion there.  
From hence thou went'st (O thou in shafts past peer)  
And found'st Cephyssus, with thy all-seeing beams,  
Whose flood affects so many silver streams;  
And from Lyleus pours so bright a wave.  
Yet forth thy foot flew, and thy fair eyes gave  
The view of Ocale, the rich in tow'rs;  
Then, to Amartus, that abounds in flow'rs.  
Then to Delphusa putt'st thy progress on,  
Whose blessed soil nought harmful breeds upon:  
And there thy pleasure would a fane adorn,  
And nourish woods, whose shades should ne'er be  
shorn.

Where, this thou told'st her, standing to her close,  
Delphusa: here I entertain suppose  
To build a far-fam'd temple, and ordain  
An oracle t' inform the minds of men:  
Who shall for ever offer to my love  
Whole hecatombs. Even all the men that move  
In rich Peloponesus, and all those  
Of Europe, and the isles the seas enclose,  
Whom future search of acts and beings brings:  
To whom I'll prophesy the truths of things  
In that rich temple where my oracle sings.

This said, the all-bounds-reacher, with his bow,  
The fane's divine foundations did foreshow;  
Ample they were, and did huge length impart,  
With a continuatue teneur, full of art.

But when Delphusa look'd into his end,  
Her heart grew angry, and did thus extend  
Itself to Phoebus: Phoebus, since thy mind  
A far-fam'd fane hath in itself design'd,  
To bear an oracle to men in me,  
That hecatombs may put in fire to thee;  
This let me tell thee, and impose for stay  
Upon thy purpose: th' inarticulate neigh  
Of fire-hoof'd horse, will ever disobey  
Thy numerous ear; and mules will for their drink  
Trouble my sacred springs, and I should think  
That any of the human race had rather  
See here the burries of rich coaches gather,  
And hear the haughty neighs of swift-hoof'd horse,  
Than, in his pleasure's place, convert recourse  
T'a mighty temple; and his wealth bestow  
On pieties, where his sports may freely flow,  
Or see huge wealth that he shall never owe.  
And therefore, wouldst thou hear my free adviee,  
Though mightier far thou art, and much more wise  
O king, than I; thy pow'r being great'st of all.  
In Crissa, underneath the bosom's fall  
Of steep Parnassus; let thy mind be given  
To set thee up a fane, where never driven  
Shall glorious coaches be, nor horses' neighs  
Storm near thy well-built altars; but thy praise.  
Let the fair race of pious Humans bring  
Into thy fane, that Io-peans sing.

And those gifts only let thy deified mind  
Be circularly pleas'd with, being the kind  
And fair burnt-offerings that true deities bind.  
With this his mind she altered, though she spake  
Not for his good, but her own glory's sake.

From hence, O Phœbus, first thou mad'st retreat;  
And of the Phlegians, reached the walled seat,  
Inhabited with contumelious men:  
Who, slighting Jove, took up their dwellings then  
Within a large cave, near Cœphyssus' lake.  
Hence, swiftly moving, thou all speed didst make  
Up to the tops intended; and the ground  
Of Crissa, under the-with-snow-still-crown'd  
Parnassus reach'd, whose face affects the west;  
Above which hangs a rock that still seems press'd  
To fall upon it; through whose breast doth run  
A rocky cave, near which the king the sun  
Cast to contrive a temple to his mind;  
And said, "Now here stands my conceit inclin'd  
To build a famous fane, where still shall be  
An oracle to men; that still to me  
Shall offer absolute hecatombs, as well  
Those that in rich Peloponessus dwell,  
As those of Europe, and the isles that lie  
Wall'd with the sea; that all their pains apply  
T' employ my counsels. To all which will I  
True secrets tell by way of prophecy,

In my rich temple, that shall ever be  
An oracle to all posterity.”  
This said, the fane’s form he did straight present,  
Ample, and of a length of great extent;  
In which Trophonius and Agamede,  
Who of Erginus were the famous seed,  
Impos’d the stony entry: and the heart  
Of every God had for their excellent art.

About the temple dwelt of human name  
Unnumber’d nations, it acquir’d such fame,  
Being all of stone, built for eternal date;  
And near it did a fountain propagate  
A fair stream far away, when Jove’s bright seed,  
(The king Apollo), with an arrow, freed  
From his strong string, destroy’d the dragoness  
That wonder nourish’d; being of such excess  
In size, and horridness of monstrous shape,  
That on the forc’d earth she wrought many a rape;  
Many a spoil made on it; many an ill  
On crook-haunch’d herds brought, being impurpl’d  
still  
With blood of all sorts: having undergone  
The charge of Juno, with the golden throne,  
To nourish Typhon, the abhorrd affright  
And bane of mortals. Whom into the light  
Saturnia brought forth, being incens’d with Jove,  
Because the most renown’d fruit of his love  
(Pallas) he got, and shook out of his brain.  
For which, majestic Juno, did complain

In this kind to the blest court of the skies ;  
Know all ye sex-distinguish'd deities,  
That Jove, assembler of the cloudy throng,  
Begins with me first, and affects with wrong  
My right in him, made by himself, his wife,  
That knows and does the honour'd marriage life,  
All honest offices ; and yet hath he  
Unduly got, without my company,  
Blue-eye'd Minerva ; who of all the sky  
Of blest immortals is the absolute grace.  
Where I have brought into the heavenly race  
A son, both taken in his feet and head,  
So ugly, and so far from worth my bed ;  
That, ravish'd into hand, I took and threw  
Down to the vast sea his detested view.  
Where Nereus' daughter, Thetis, who, her way  
With silver feet makes, and the fair array  
Of her bright sisters, sav'd, and took to guard.  
But, would to heaven, another yet were spar'd,  
The like grace of his godhead. Crafty mate,  
What other 'scape canst thou excogitate ?  
How could thy heart sustain to get alone  
The grey-ey'd goddess ? Her conception,  
Nor bringing forth, had any hand of mine ;  
And yet know all the gods, I go, for thine  
To such kind uses. But I'll now employ  
My brain to procreate a masculine joy.  
That 'mongst th' immortals, may as eminent shine ;  
With shame affecting, nor my bed, nor thine ;

Nor will I ever touch at thine again,  
But far fly it and thee; and yet will reign  
Amongst th' immortals ever. This spleen spent  
(Still yet left angry), far away she went;  
From all the deathless, and yet pray'd to all,  
Advanc'd her hand, and ere she let it fall  
Us'd these excitements: "Hear me now, O earth!  
Broad heaven above it, and beneath your birth  
The deified Titanoës, that dwell about  
Vast Tartarus, from whence sprung all the route  
Of men and deities: hear me all, I say,  
With all your forces, and give instant way  
T'a son of mine, without Jove; who yet may  
Nothing inferior prove in force to him,  
But past him spring as far in able limb  
As he past Saturn." This pronounc'd, she struck  
Life-bearing earth so strongly, that she shook  
Beneath her numb'd hand; which when she beheld,  
Her bosom with abundant comforts swell'd,  
In hope all should to her desire extend.  
From hence the year, that all such proofs gives end  
Grew round, yet all that time the bed of Jove  
She never touch'd at; never was her love  
Enflam'd to sit near his Dedalian throne,  
As she accustomed, to consult upon  
Counsels kept dark, with many a secret skill;  
But kept her vow-frequented temple still,  
Pleas'd with her sacrifice, till now, the nights  
And days accomplish'd, and the year's whole rights

In all her revolutions being expir'd,  
The hours, and all, run out, that were requir'd  
To vent a birth-right, she brought forth a son,  
Like God's, or men, in no condition,  
But a most dreadful and pernicious thing  
Call'd Typhon, who on all the human spring  
Conferr'd confusion ; which, receiv'd to hand  
By Juho, instantly she gave command  
(Ill to ill adding) that the dragoness  
Should bring it up ; who took, and did oppress  
With many a misery, to maintain th' excess  
Of that inhuman monster, all the race  
Of men, that were of all the world the grace.  
Till the far-working Phoebus, at her sent  
A fiery arrow, that invok'd event  
Of death gave to her execrable life.  
Before which yet she lay in bitter strife,  
With dying pains, groveling on earth, and drew  
Extreme short respirations, for which flew  
A shout about the air, whence, no man knew,  
But came by power divine. And then she lay  
Tumbling her trunk, and winding every way  
About her nasty nest ; quite leaving then  
Her murderous life, embru'd with deaths of men.

Then Phoebus gloried, saying, "Thyselv now lie  
On men-sustaining earth, and putrify ;  
Who first, of putrifaction, was inform'd.  
Now on thy life have death's cold vapours storm'd,

That storm'dst on men the earth-fed, so much death,  
In envy of the offspring, they made breath  
Their lives out on my altars; now from thee  
Not Typhon shall enforce the misery  
Of merited death; nor she, whose name implies  
Such scathe (Chymæra), but black earth make prize  
To putrefaction, thy immanities.  
And bright Hyperion, that light, all eyes shows,  
Thine, with a night of rottenness shall close."

Thus spake he glorying, and then seiz'd upon  
Her horrid heap with putrefaction  
Hyperion's lovely pow'rs; from whence her name  
Took sound of Python, and heaven's sovereign flame  
Was surnam'd Pythius; since the sharp-ey'd sun  
Affected so, with putrefaction,  
The hellish monster. And now Phoebus' mind  
Gave him to know, that falsehood had struck blind  
Even his bright eye, because it could not find  
The subtle fountain's fraud; to whom he flew,  
Enflam'd with anger, and in th' instant drew  
Close to Delphusa, using this short vow:

"Delphusa! you must look no longer now  
To vent your frauds on me, for well I know  
Your situation to be lovely, worth  
A temple's imposition, it pours forth  
So delicate a stream. But your renown  
Shall now no longer shine here, but mine own."  
This said, he thrust her promontory down,

And damm'd her fountain up with mighty stones;  
A temple giving consecrations  
In woods adjoining. And in this fane all  
On him, by surname of Delphusius call.  
Because Delphusa's sacred flood and fame  
His wrath affected so, and hid in shame.

And then thought Phoebus, what descent of men  
To be his ministers, he should retain,  
To do in stony Pythos sacrifice.  
To which, his mind contending, his quick eyes  
He cast upon the blue sea, and beheld  
A ship, on whose masts sails that wing'd it swell'd :  
In which were men transferr'd, many and good  
That in Minoian Gnossus eat their food,  
And were Cretensians ; who now are those  
That all the sacrificing dues dispose,  
And all the laws deliver to a word  
Of day's great king, that wears the golden sword.  
And oracles (out of his Delphian tree  
That shrouds her fair arms in the cavity  
Beneath Parnassus' mount) pronounce to men.  
These, now his priests, that liv'd as merchants then,  
In traffics and pecuniary rates,  
For sandy Pylos and the Pylean states,  
Were under sail. But now encounter'd them  
Phoebus Apollo, who into the stream  
Cast himself headlong : and the strange disguise  
Took of a dolphin of a goodly size,

Like which he leap'd into their ship, and lay  
As an ostent of infinite dismay.  
For none with any strife of mind could look  
Into the omen. All the ship-masts shook;  
And silent, all sat, with the fear they took.  
Arm'd not, nor struck they sail, but as before  
Went on with full trim, and a foreright Blore;  
Stiff, and from forth the south the ship made fly,  
When first they stripp'd the Malline promont'ry,  
Touch'd at Laconia's soil; in which a town  
Their ship arriv'd at, that the sea doth crown,  
Call'd Tenarus, a place of much delight  
To men that serve heaven's comforter of sight.  
In which are fed the famous flocks that bear  
The wealthy fleeces; on a delicate lair  
Being fed and seated: where the merchants fain  
Would have put in, that they might out again  
To tell the miracle, that chanc'd to them,  
And try if it would take the sacred stream,  
Rushing far forth, that he again might bear  
Those other fishes that abounded there,  
Delightsome company; or still would stay  
Aboard their dry ship. But it fail'd t' obey.  
And for the rich Peloponesian shore  
Steer'd her free sail; Apollo made the Blore  
Directly guide it: that, obeying still  
Reach'd dry Arena, and what wish doth fill  
Fair Aryphæa, and the populous height  
Of Thryus, whose stream, siding her, doth weight

With safe pass on Alphæus. Pylos sands  
And Pylian dwellers, keeping by the strands  
On which th' inhabitants of Crunius dwell:  
And Helida, set opposite to hell.  
Chalcis and Dymes reach'd, and happily  
Made sail by Pheras: all being overjoy'd  
With that frank gale, that Jove himself employ'd.  
And then amongst the clouds they might descry  
The hill, that far-seen Ithaca calls her eye.  
Dulichius, Samos, and, with timber grac'd,  
Shady Zacynthus. But when now they past  
Peloponesus all: and then, when show'd  
The infinite vale of Crissa, that doth shroud  
All rich Moræa with her liberal breast,  
So frank a gale there flew out of the west,  
As all the sky discovered; 'twas so great,  
And blew so front the very council seat  
Of Jove himself, that quickly it might send  
The ship through full seas to her journey's end.

From thence they sail'd, quite opposite, to the east,  
And to the region, where Light leaves his rest.  
The Light himself being sacred pilot there,  
And made the sea-trod ship arrive them near  
The grapeful Crissa, where he rest doth take  
Close to her port and sands. And then forth brake  
The far-shot king, like to a star that strews  
His glorious forehead, where the mid-day glows,

That all in sparkles did his state attire,  
Whose lustre leap'd up to the sphere of fire;  
He trod where no way op'd, and pierc'd the place  
That of his sacred tripods held the grace,  
In which he lighted such a fluent flame  
As gilt all Crissa; in which every dame,  
And dame's fair daughter, cast out vehement cries  
At those fell fires, of Phoebus' prodigies,  
That shaking fears through all their fancies threw.  
Then, like the mind's swift light, again he flew  
Back to the ship, shap'd like a youth in height  
Of all his graces; shoulders broad, and straight,  
And all his hair in golden curls enwrap'd,  
And to the merchants thus his speech he shap'd.

“ Ho, strangers ! what are you? and from what seat  
Sail ye these ways, that salt and water sweat?  
To traffic justly? or use vagrant 'scapes  
Void of all rule? conferring wrongs and rapes,  
Like pirates, on the men ye never saw?  
With minds project, exempt from list or law?  
Why sit ye here so stupified? nor take  
Land while ye may? nor deposition make  
Of naval arms? When this the fashion is  
Of mén industrious, who (their faculties  
Wearied at sea), leave ship, and use the land  
For food, that with their healths and stomachs stand.”

This said, with bold minds he their breast supply'd,  
And thus made answer, the Cretensian guide :

“Stranger! because you seem to us no seed  
Of any mortal, but celestial breed,  
For parts and person; joy your steps ensue,  
And gods make good the bliss we think your due.  
Vouchsafe us, true relation, on what land  
We here arrive, and what men here command,  
We were for well-known parts bound; and from Crete  
(Our vaunted country), to the Pylian seat  
Vow'd our whole voyage. Yet arrive we here,  
Quite cross to those wills, that our motions steer,  
Wishing to make return some other way;  
Some other course desirous to assay,  
To pay our lost pains. But some god hath fill'd  
Our frustrate sails, defeating what we will'd.”

Apollo answer'd: “Strangers! though before  
Ye dwelt in woody Gnossus, yet no more  
Ye must be made your own reciprocals  
To your lov'd city, and fair severals  
Of wives and houses. But ye shall have here  
My wealthy temple, honour'd far and near  
Of many a nation; for myself am son  
To Jove himself, and of Apollo won  
The glorious title, who thus safely through  
The sea's vast billows still have held your plough.  
No ill intending, that will let ye make  
My temple here your own, and honours take  
Upon yourselves, all that to me are given.  
And more, the counsels of the king of heaven

Yourselves shall know, and with his will receive  
Ever the honours that all men shall give.  
Do as I say then instantly, strike sail,  
Take down your tackling, and your vessel hale  
Up into land; your goods bring forth, and all  
The instruments that into sailing fall,  
Make on this shore an altar: fire enflame,  
And barley, white cakes offer to my name.  
And then, environing the altar, pray,  
And call me (as ye saw me in the day  
When from the windy seas I brake swift way  
Into your ship), Delphinius, since I took  
A dolphin's form then. And to every look  
That there shall seek it, that my altar shall  
Be made a Delphian memorial  
From thence, for ever. After this, ascend  
Your swift black ship and sup, and then intend  
Ingenuous offerings to the equal gods  
That in celestial seats make blest abodes.  
When, having stay'd your healthful hunger's sting,  
Come all with me, and Io-pæans sing  
All the way's length, till you attain the state  
Where I, your opulent fane have consecrate.

To this they gave him, passing diligent ear;  
And vow'd to his obedience, all they were.

First striking sail their tacklings then they loos'd,  
And (with their gables stoop'd), their mast impos'd

Into the mast-room. Forth themselves then went,  
And from the sea into the continent  
Drew up their ship; which far up from the sand  
They rais'd with ample rafters. Then in hand  
They took the altar, and inform'd it on  
The seas near shore; imposing thereupon  
White cakes of barley: fire made, and did stand  
About it round, as Phœbus gave command,  
Submitting invocations to his will.  
Then sacrific'd to all the heavenly hill  
Of pow'rful godheads. After which they eat  
Aboard their ship, till with fit foot replete  
They rose; nor to their temple us'd delay.  
Whom Phœbus usher'd, and touch'd all the way  
His heavenly lute, with art above admir'd,  
Gracefully leading them. When all were fir'd  
With zeal to him, and follow'd wond'ring, all,  
To Pythos; and upon his name did call  
With Io-pœans, such as Cretans use.  
And in their bosoms did the deified muse  
Voices of honey-harmony infuse.

With never-weary feet their way they went,  
And made, with all alacrity, ascent  
Up to Parnassus; and that long'd-for place  
Where they should live, and be of men the grace.  
When, all the way, Apollo show'd them still  
Their far-stretch'd valleys, and their two-top'd hill,

Their famous fane, and all that all could raise,  
To a supreme height of their joy and praise.

And then the Cretan captain thus inquir'd  
Of king Apollo: "Since you have retir'd  
O sovereign, our sad lives, so far from friends  
And native soil (because so far extends  
Your dear mind's pleasure), tell us how we shall  
Live in your service. To which question call  
Our provident minds, because we see not crown'd  
This soil, with stôre of vines, nor doth abound  
In wealthy meadows, on which we may live,  
As well as on men our attendance give."

He smil'd, and said, "O men, that nothing know,  
And so are follow'd with a world of woe;  
That needs will succour care, and curious moan,  
And pour out sighs, without cessation,  
Were all the riches of the earth your own.  
Without much business, I will render known  
To your simplicities an easy way  
To wealth enough; let every man purvey  
A skean, or slaugh'tring steel, and his right hand,  
Bravely bestowing, evermore see mann'd  
With killing sheep, that to my fane will flow  
From all far nations. On all which bestow  
Good observation, and all else they give  
To me, make you your own all, and so live.

For all which watch before my temple well,  
And all my counsels, above all, conceal."

If any give vain language, or to deeds,  
Yea, or as far as injury proceeds,  
Know that, at losers' hands, for those that gain,  
It is the law of mortals to sustain.  
Besides, ye shall have princes to obey,  
Which still ye must, and (so ye gain) ye may.  
All now is said: give all thy memories stay.

And thus to thee (Jove and Latona's son),  
Be given all grace of salutation.  
Both thee and others of th' immortal state  
My song shall memorize to endless date.

THE END OF THE HYMN TO APOLLO.

## A HYMN TO HERMES.

HERMES, the son of Jove and Maia, sing,  
O muse, th' Arcadian and Cyllenian king :  
They rich in flocks, he heaven enriching still,  
In messages, return'd with all his will.  
Whom glorious Maia (the nymph rich in hair),  
Mixing with Jove in amorous affair,  
Brought forth to him ; sustaining a retreat  
From all th' immortals of the blessed seat,  
And living in the same dark cave, where Jove  
Inform'd at midnight the effect of love,  
Unknown to either man or Deity ;  
Sweet sleep once having seiz'd the jealous eye  
Of Juno, deck'd with wrists of ivory.  
But when great Jove's high mind was consummate,  
The tenth month had in heaven confin'd the date  
Of Maia's labour ; and into the sight  
She brought, in one birth, labours infinite.  
For then she bore a son, that all tried ways  
Could turn and wind, to wish'd events assays.  
A fair tongu'd, but false-hearted counsellor,  
Rector of ox-stealers ; and for all stealths, bore  
A varied finger. Speeder of night's spies,  
And guide of all her dreams obscurities.  
Guard of door-guardians : and was born to be  
Amongst th' immortals, that wing'd Deity,

That in an instant should do acts would ask  
The powers of others, an eternal task.  
Born in the morn, he form'd his lute at noon,  
At night stole all the oxen of the sun;  
And all this in his birth's first day was done,  
Which was the fourth of the increasing moon.  
Because celestial limbs sustain'd his strains,  
His sacred swath-bands must not be his chains.  
So, starting up, to Phoebus' herd he stepp'd,  
Found straight the high-roof'd cave where they were  
kept;

And (th' entry passing), he th' invention found  
Of making lutes; and did in wealth abound  
By that invention, since he first of all  
Was author of that engine musical.  
By this mean mov'd to the ingenious work,  
Near the cave's inmost overture did lurk  
A tortoise, tasting th' odoriferous grass,  
Leisurely moving; and this object was  
The motive to Jove's son, who could convert  
To profitablest uses, all **desert**  
That nature had in any **work** convey'd,  
To form the lute: when, smiling, thus he said,  
"Thou mov'st in me a note of excellent use,  
Which thy ill form shall never so seduce  
T' avert the good to be inform'd by it,  
In pliant force, of my form-forging wit."

Then the slow tortoise, wrought on by his mind,  
He thus saluted; "All joy to the kind

Instinct of nature in thee, born to be  
The spiriter of dances, company  
For feasts, and following banquets, grac'd and blest  
For bearing light to all the interest  
Claim'd in this instrument. From whence shall spring  
Play fair and sweet, to which may graces sing.  
A pretty painted coat thou putt'st on here,  
O Tortoise, while thy ill-bred vital sphere  
Confines thy fashion; but, surpris'd by me,  
I'll bear thee home, where thou shalt ever be  
A profit to me; and yet nothing more  
Will I contemn thee in my merited store.  
Goods, with good parts got, worth and honour gave:  
Left goods, and honours, every fool may have.  
And since thou first shalt give me means to live,  
I'll love thee ever. Virtuous qualities give  
To live at home with them, enough content,  
Where those that want such inward ornament  
Fly out for outward; their life made their load;  
'Tis best to be at home; harm lurks abroad.  
And certainly thy virtue shall be known  
'Gainst great ill causing incantation,  
To serve as for a lance, or amulet.  
And where, in comfort of thy vital heat,  
Thou now breath'st but a sound confus'd, for song;  
Expos'd by nature, after death, more strong  
Thou shalt in sounds of art be, and command  
Song infinite sweeter." Thus with either hand  
He took it up, and instantly took flight  
Back to his cave, with that his home delight.

Where, giving to the mountain tortoise, vents  
Of life and motion, with fit instruments  
Forg'd of bright steel, he straight inform'd a lute.  
Put neck, and frets to it; of which a suit  
He made of splitted quills, in equal space  
Impos'd upon the neck, and did embrace  
Both back and bosom. At whose height (as gins  
T' extend, and ease the strings), he put in pins.  
Seven strings, of several tunes, he then applied,  
Made of the entrails of a sheep well dried,  
And thoroughly twisted. Next he did provide  
A case for all, made of an ox's hide,  
Out of his counsels to preserve as well  
As to create; and all this action fell  
Into an instant consequence. His word  
And work had individual accord.  
All being as swiftly to perfection brought,  
As any worldly man's most ravish'd thought,  
Whose mind care cuts in an infinity  
Of varied parts, or passions instantly,  
Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye.

And thus his house-delight given absolute end,  
He touch'd it, and did every string extend  
(With an exploratory spirit essay'd),  
To all the parts that could on it be play'd.  
It sounded dreadfully, to which he sung,  
As if from thence, the first, and true force sprung  
That fashions virtue. God in him did sing.  
His play was likewise an unspeakable thing,

Yet, but as an extemporal essay,  
Of what show it would make, being the first way,  
It tried his hand, or a tumultuous noise,  
Such as at feasts the first-flower'd spirits of boys  
Pour out in mutual contumelies still;  
As little squaring with his curious will;  
Or was as wanton, and untaught a store.  
Of Jove and Maia, that rich shoes still wore,  
He sung; who suffer'd ill reports before,  
And foul stains under her fair titles bore.  
But Hermes sung, her nation, and her name  
Did iterate ever. All her high-flown fame  
Of being Jove's mistress, celebrating all  
Her train of servants, and collateral  
Sumpture of houses; all her tripods there  
And caldrons huge, increasing every year.  
All which she knew, yet felt her knowledge stung  
With her fame's loss, which (found) she more wish'd  
sung.

But now, he in his sacred cradle laid  
His lute so absolute, and straight convey'd  
Himself up to a watch-tow'r forth his house;  
Rich, and divinely odoriferous;  
A lofty wile at work in his conceit,  
Thirsting the practice of his empire's height.  
And where impostors rule (since sable night  
Must serve their deeds) he did his deeds their right:  
For now the never-resting sun was turn'd  
For th' under earth, and in the ocean burn'd

His coach and coursers. When th' ingenious spy  
Pieria's shady hill had in his eye,  
Where the immortal oxen of the gods  
In air's flood solac'd their select abodes;  
And earth's sweet green flow'r, that was never shorne,  
Fed ever down; and these the witty-born  
Argicides set serious spy upon:  
Severing from all the rest; and setting gone  
Full fifty of the violent bellowers.  
Which driving through the sands, he did reverse  
(His birth's-craft straight rememb'ring) all their hooves,  
And them transpos'd in opposite removes;  
The fore, behind set; the behind, before;  
T' employ the eyes of such as should explore.  
And he himself (as sly-pac'd) cast away  
His sandals on the sea sands. Past display,  
And unexcitable thoughts, in act  
Putting; to shun, of his stol'n steps, the tract  
Mixing both tamrisk, and like-tamrisk sprays,  
In a most rare confusion, to raise  
His footsteps up from earth. Of which sprays, he  
(His armful gathering fresh from off the tree)  
Made for his sandals ties; both leaves and ties  
Holding together; and then fear'd no eyes  
That could affect his feet's discoveries.

The tamrisk boughs he gather'd, making way  
Back from Pieria; but as to convey  
Provision in them, for his journey fit,  
It being long and therefore needing it.

An old man, now at labour, near the field  
Of green Onchestus, knew the verdant yield  
Of his fair armful; whom th' ingenious son  
Of Maia, therefore, salutation  
Did thus begin to; "Ho, old man! that now  
Art crooked grown, with making plants to grow;  
Thy nerves will far be spent, when these boughs shall  
To these their leaves confer me fruit, and all.  
But see not thou, whatever thou dost see;  
Nor hear, though hear; but all, as touching me  
Conceal, since nought it can endamage thee."

This, and no more he said; and on drove still  
His broad-brow'd oxen. Many a shady hill,  
And many an echoing valley; many a field  
Pleasant and wishful did his passage yield  
Their safe transcession. But now the divine  
And black-brow'd night (his mistress), did decline  
Exceeding swiftly; day's most early light  
Fast hastening to her first point, to excite  
Worldlings to work; and in her watch-tow'r shone  
King Pallas-Megamede's seed (the moon),  
When through th' Alphæan flood Jove's powerful son  
Phœbus-Apollo's ample-foreheaded herd  
(Whose necks the lab'ring yoke had never spher'd),  
Drove swiftly on; and then into a stall  
(Hilly, yet past to, through an humble vale  
And hollow dells, in a most lovely mead),  
He gather'd all; and them divinely fed

With odorous cypress; and the ravishing tree  
That makes his eaters lose the memory.  
Of name and country. Then he brought withal  
Much wood, whose sight into his search let fall  
The art of making fire. Which thus he tried:  
He took a branch of laurel, amplified  
Past others, both in beauty and in size;  
Yet, lay next hand, rubb'd it, and straight did rise  
A warm fume from it. Steel, being that did raise  
(As agent) the attenuated bays  
To that hot vapour. So that Hermes found  
Both fire first, and of it, the seed, close bound  
In other substances; and then the seed  
He multiplied; of sere-wood making feed  
The apt heat of it; in a pile combin'd  
Laid in a low pit, that in flames straight shin'd;  
And cast a sparkling crack up to the sky;  
All the dry parts so fervent were, and high  
In their combustion. And how long the force  
Of glorious Vulcan kept the fire in course,  
So long was he in dragging from their stall  
Two of the crook-haunch'd herd, that roar'd withal,  
And rag'd for fear, t' approach the sacred fire:  
To which did all his dreadful pow'rs aspire.  
When, blust'ring forth their breath, he on the soil  
Cast both at length, though with a world of toil.  
For long he was in getting them to ground  
After their through-thrust, and most mortal wound.  
But work to work he join'd, the flesh and cut  
Cover'd with fat; and (on treene broaches put)

In pieces roasted. But in th' intestines  
The black blood, and the honorary chines,  
Together with the carcasses, lay there  
Cast on the cold earth, as no deities' cheer.  
The hides upon a rugged rock he spread;  
And thus were these now all in pieces shred,  
And undistinguish'd from earth's common herd:  
Though borne for long date, and to heaven endear'd;  
And now must ever live in dead event.  
But Hermes, here hence, having his content,  
Car'd for no more; but drew to places even,  
The fat-works, that, of force, must have for heaven  
Their capital ends, though stol'n; and therefore were  
In twelve parts cut, for twelve choice deities' cheer,  
By this devotion. To all which he gave  
Their several honours, and did wish to have  
His equal part thereof, as free, and well  
As th' other deities; but the fatty smell  
Afflicted him, though he immortal were;  
Play'ng mortal parts, and being like mortals here.  
Yet his proud mind nothing the more obey'd  
For being a God, himself; and his own aid  
Having to cause his due: and though in heart  
He highly wish'd it, but the weaker part  
Subdu'd the stronger, and went on in ill.  
Even heavenly pow'r had rather have his will  
Than have his right; and will's the worst of all,  
When but in least sort, it is criminal;  
One taint being author of a number still.  
And thus, resolv'd to leave his hallow'd hill,

First, both the fat parts, and the fleshy, all  
Taking away; at the steep-entried stall  
He laid all, all the feet and heads entire,  
And all the sere-wood, making clear with fire.  
And now, he leaving there then, all things done  
And finish'd, in their fit perfection;  
The coals put out, and their black ashes thrown  
From all discovery, by the lovely light  
The cheerful moon cast, shining all the night,  
He straight assum'd a novel voice's note;  
And in the whirl-pit-eating-flood, afloat  
He set his sandals. When now, once again  
The-that-morn-born-Cylenius, did attain  
His home's divine height; all the far-stretch'd way  
No one blest God encount'ring his assay;  
Nor mortal man, nor any dog durst spend  
His-born-to-bark-mouth at him, till in th' end  
He reach'd his cave; and at the gate went in  
Crooked, and wrapp'd into a fold so thin,  
That no eye could discover his repair;  
But as a darkness of th' autumnal air.  
When, going on fore-right, he straight arriv'd  
At his rich fane: his soft feet quite depriv'd  
Of all least noise of one that trod the earth;  
They trod so swift, to reach his room of birth.  
Where, in his swath-bands, he his shoulders wrapp'd,  
And, like an infant, newly having scap'd  
The teeming streights, as in the palms he lay  
Of his lov'd nurse. Yet instantly would play

(Freeing his right hand) with his bearing cloth  
About his knees wrapp'd; and straight (loosing both  
His right and left hand) with his left he caught  
His most-lov'd lute. His mother yet was taught  
His wanton wiles, nor could a god's wit lie  
Hid from a goddess, who did therefore try  
His answer thus: "Why (thou made all of sleight),  
And whence arriv'st thou in this rest of night?  
Improvident impudent, in my conceit  
Thou rather shouldst be getting forth thy gate,  
With all flight fit for thy endanger'd state;  
(In merit of th' inevitable bands  
To be impos'd by vex'd Latona's hands,  
Justly incens'd for her Apollo's harms;)  
Than lie thus wrapp'd, as ready for her arms,  
To take thee up and kiss thee: would to heaven,  
In cross of that high grace, thou hadst been given  
Up to perdition; ere poor mortals bear  
Those black banes, that thy father Thunderer  
Hath planted thee of purpose to confer  
On them and deities." He return'd reply:  
"As master of the feats of policy,  
Mother, why aim you thus amiss at me?  
As if I were a son that infancy  
Could keep from all the skill that age can teach,  
Or had in cheating but a childish reach,  
And of a mother's mandates, fear'd the breach?  
I mount that art at first, that will be best  
When all times consummate their cunningest,

Able to counsel, now myself and thee,  
In all things best, to all eternity.  
We cannot live like gods here, without gifts ;  
No, nor without corruption and shifts.  
And much less, without eating ; as we must  
In keeping thy rules, and in being just ;  
Of which we cannot undergo the loads.  
'Tis better here to imitate the gods,  
And wine, or wench out all Time's periods ;  
To that end growing rich in ready heaps,  
Stor'd with revenues ; being in corn-field reaps  
Of infinite acres ; than to live enclos'd  
In caves, to all earth's sweetest air expos'd.  
I as much honour hold as Phœbus does ;  
And if my father please not to dispose  
Possessions to me, I myself will see  
If I can force them in, for I can be  
Prince of all thieves. And if Latona's son  
Make, after my stealth, indignation,  
I'll have a scape as well as he a search,  
And overtake him with a greater lurch.  
For I can post to Pythos, and break through  
His huge house there, where harbours wealth enough,  
Most precious tripods, caldrons, steel, and gold ;  
Garments rich wrought, and full of liberal fold :  
All which will I at pleasure own ; and thou  
Shalt see all ; wilt thou but thy sight bestow."

Thus chang'd great words; the goat-hide-wearer's  
And Maia, of majestic fashion. [son,

And now the air-begot Aurora rose  
From out the ocean-great-in-ebbs-and flows;  
When, at the never-shorn, pure-and-fair grove  
(Onchestus), consecrated to the love  
Of round and long-neck'd Neptune, Phoebus found  
A man whom heavy years had press'd half round,  
And yet at work, in plashing of a fence  
About a vineyard, that had residence  
Hard by the highway; whom Latona's son  
Made it not strange, but first did question,  
And first saluted: "Ho! you aged sire,  
That here are hewing from the vine the briar;  
For certain oxen, I come here t' inquire  
Out of Pieria; females all; and rear'd  
All, with horn's wreath'd, unlike the common herd;  
A coal-black bull fed by them all alone;  
And all observ'd for preservation  
Through all their foody and delicious fen,  
With four fierce mastiffs, like one-minded men.  
These left their dogs and bull (which I admire),  
And when was near set day's eternal fire,  
From their fierce guardians, from their delicate fare,  
Made clear departure. To me then declare,  
O old man, long since born, if thy grave ray  
Hath any man seen, making stealthful way  
With all those oxen." Th' old man made reply,  
"Tis hard, O friend, to render readily  
Account of all that may invade mine eye,  
For many a traveller this highway treads;  
Some in much ills search; some, in noble threads,

Leading their lives out; but I, this young day,  
Even from her first point, have made good display  
Of all men passing this abundant hill  
Planted with vines; and no such stealthful ill  
Her light hath shown me: but last evening, late,  
I saw a thing that show'd of childish state  
To my old lights, and seem'd as he pursu'd  
A herd of oxen, with brave heads endu'd;  
Yet but an infant, and retain'd a rod,  
Who wearily both this and that way trod,  
His head still backwards turn'd." This th' old man  
spake;  
Which he well thought upon, and swiftly brake  
Into his pursuit, with abundant wing,  
That struck but one plain, ere he knew the thing  
That was the thief to be th' impostor born;  
Whom Jove yet with his son's name did adorn.  
In study, and with ardour, then the king  
(Jove's dazzling son) plac'd his exploring wing  
On sacred Pylos, for his forced herd;  
His ample shoulders in a cloud enspher'd  
Of fiery crimson. Straight the steps he found  
Of his stol'n herd: and said, "Strange sights confound  
My apprehensive powers: for here I see  
The tracks of oxen; but aversively  
Converted towards the Pierian hills,  
As treading to their mead of daffodils;  
But, nor mine eye, men's feet, nor women's draws,  
Nor hoary wolves, nor bears, nor lions' paws;

Nor thick-neck'd bulls they show. But he that does  
These monstrous deeds, with never so swift shoes,  
Hath past from that hour hither; but from hence  
His foul course may meet fouler consequence."

With this took Phœbus wing; and Hermes still,  
For all his threats, secure lay in his hill  
Wall'd with a wood; and more, a rock, beside  
Where a retreat ran, deeply multiplied  
In blinding shadows, and where th' endless bride  
Bore to Saturnius his ingenious son:  
An odour, worth a heart's desire, being thrown  
Along the heaven-sweet hill; on whose herb fed  
Rich flocks of sheep, that bow not where they tread  
Their horny pasterns. There the light of men  
(Jove's son, Apollo), straight descended then  
The marble pavement, in that gloomy den.  
On whom, when Jove and Maia's son set eye,  
Wroth for his oxen: on then, instantly  
His odorous swath-bands flew; in which, as close  
Th' impostor lay, as in the cool repose  
Of cast-on ashes, hearths of burning coals  
Lie in the woods hid, under the controls  
Of skilful colliers: even so close did lie  
Inscrutable Hermes in Apollo's eye.  
Contracting his great godhead to a small  
And infant likeness; feet, hands, head and all.  
And as a hunter hath been often view'd,  
From chase retir'd with both his hands embru'd  
In his game's blood, that doth for water call  
To cleanse his hands; and to provoke withal

Delightsome sleep, new wash'd and laid to rest ;  
So now lay Hermes in the close compress'd  
Chase of his oxen. His new-found-out lute  
Beneath his arm held, as if no pursuit  
But that prize, and the virtue of his play  
His heart affected. But to Phœbus lay  
His close heart open : and he likewise knew  
The brave hill-nymph there ; and her dear son, new-  
Born, and as well wrapp'd in his wiles as weeds.  
All the close shrouds too, for his rapinous deeds,  
In all the cave he knew ; and with his key  
He open'd three of them, in which there lay  
Silver and gold-heaps ; nectar infinite store,  
And dear ambrosia, and of weeds she wore,  
Pure white and purple, a rich wardrobe shin'd,  
Fit for the blest states of pow'rs so divin'd.  
All which discover'd, thus to Mercury  
He offer'd conference : " Infant ! you that lie  
Wrapp'd so in swath-bands, instantly unfold  
In what conceal'd retreats of yours you hold  
My oxen stol'n by you ; or straight we shall  
Jar, as beseems not, pow'rs celestial.  
For I will take and hurl thee to the deeps  
Of dismal Tartarus, where ill death keeps  
His gloomy and inextricable fates ;  
And to no eye that light illuminates,  
Mother, nor father, shall return thee free,  
But under earth shall sorrow fetter thee,  
And few repute thee their superior."

On him replied Craft's subtlest counsellor;  
" What cruel speech hath past Latona's care!  
Seeks he his stol'n-wild-cows where deities are?  
I have nor seen nor heard, nor can report,  
From others' mouths, one word of their resort  
To any stranger. Nor will I, to gain  
A base reward, a false relation feign.  
Nor would I, could I tell. Resemble I  
An ox-thief, or a man? especially  
A man of such a courage, such a force  
As to that labour goes, that violent course,  
No infant's work is that. My pow'rs aspire  
To sleep, and quenching of my hunger's fire  
With mother's milk; and 'gainst cold shades, to arm  
With cradle-cloths, my shoulders; and baths warm;  
That no man may conceive, the war you threat  
Can spring, in cause, from my so peaceful heat.  
And even amongst th' immortals it would bear  
Event of absolute miracle, to hear  
A new-born infant's forces should transcend  
The limits of his doors; much less contend  
With untam'd oxen. This speech nothing seems  
To savour the decorum of the beams  
Cast round about the air Apollo breaks,  
Where his divine mind her intention speaks.  
I brake but yesterday the blessed womb;  
My feet are tender, and the common tomb  
Of men (the earth), lies sharp beneath their tread.  
But, if you please, even by my father's head

I'll take the great oath; that nor I protest  
Myself, to author on your interest  
Any such usurpation; nor have I  
Seen any other, that feloniously  
Hath forc'd your oxen. Strange thing! what are those  
Oxen of yours? Or what are oxen? knows  
My rude mind, think you? My ears only touch  
At their renown, and hear that there are such."

This speech he past; and ever as he spake  
Beams from the hair about his eyelids break;  
His eyebrows up and down cast, and his eye  
Every way look'd askance and carelessly.  
And he into a lofty whistling fell,  
As if he idle thought Apollo's spell.

Apollo (gently smiling), made reply:  
"O thou impostor! whose thoughts ever lie  
In labour with deceit; for certain, I  
Retain opinion, that thou (even thus soon)  
Hast ransack'd many a house, and not in one  
Night's-work alone; nor in one country neither  
Hast been besieging, house and man together;  
Rigging and risling all ways, and no noise  
Made with thy soft feet, where it all destroys.  
Soft therefore, well; and tender thou may'st call  
The feet that thy stealths go and fly withal.  
For many a field-bred herdsman (unheard still),  
Hast thou made drown, the caverns of the hill

Where his retreats lie, with his helpless tears;  
When any flesh-stealth thy desire endears:  
And thou encount'rest either flocks of sheep  
Or herds of oxen! Up then! do not sleep  
Thy last nap in thy cradle; but come down,  
Companion of black night, and for this crown  
Of thy young rapines, bear, from all, the state  
And style of Prince Thief, into endless date."

This said, he took the infant in his arms;  
And with him, the remembrance of his harms;  
This presage utt'ring, lifting him aloft,  
" Be evermore the miserably-soft  
Slave of the belly; pursuivant of all,  
And author of all mischiefs capital."

He scorn'd his prophecy so, he sneez'd in's face  
Most forcibly (which hearing), his embrace  
He loth'd; and hurl'd him 'gainst the ground; yet still  
Took seat before him; though, with all the ill  
He bore by him, he would have left full fain  
That hewer of his heart so into twain.  
Yet salv'd all thus; " Come! you so swaddl'd thing,  
Issue of Maia, and the thunder's king;  
Be confident; I shall hereafter find  
My broad-brow'd oxen. My prophetic mind  
So far from blaming this thy course, that I  
Foresee thee in it to posterity,  
The guide of all men, always, to their ends."  
This spoken, Hermes from the earth ascends,

Starting aloft, and as in study went,  
Wrapping himself in his integument;  
And thus ask'd Phoebus: " Whither force you me,  
Far-shot, and far most powerful deity?  
I know, for all your feigning, you're still wroth  
About your oxen, and suspect my troth.  
O Jupiter! I wish the general race  
Of all earth's oxen rooted from her face.  
I steal your oxen! I again profess  
That neither I have stol'n them, nor can guess  
Who else should steal them. What strange beasts are  
these  
Your so-lov'd oxen? I must say, to please  
Your humour thus far, that even my few hours  
Have heard their fame. But be the sentence yours  
Of the debate betwixt us; or to Jove  
(For more indifferency) the cause remove."

Thus when the solitude-affecting god,  
And the Latonian seed, had laid abroad  
All things betwixt them; though not yet agreed,  
Yet, might I speak, Apollo did proceed  
Nothing unjustly, to charge Mercury  
With stealing of the cows, he does deny.  
But his profession was, with filed speech,  
And craft's fair compliments, to overreach  
All; and even Phoebus. Who because he knew  
His trade of subtlety, he still at view  
Hunted his foe through all the sandy way,  
Up to Olympus. Nor would let him stray

From out his sight, but kept behind him still.  
And now they reach'd the odoriferous hill  
Of high Olympus, to their father Jove,  
To arbitrate the cause in which they strove.  
Where, before both, talents of justice were  
Propos'd for him, whom Jove should sentence clear,  
In cause of their contention. And now  
About Olympus, ever crown'd with snow,  
The rumour of their controversy flew:  
All the incorruptible, to their view,  
On heaven's steep mountain made return'd repair.  
Hermes, and he that light hurls through the air,  
Before the thunderer's knees stood: who begun  
To question thus far his illustrious son,  
"Phœbus! To what end bring'st thou captive here  
Him in whom my mind puts delights so dear?  
This new-born infant, that the place supplies  
Of herald yet, to all the deities?  
This serious business, you may witness, draws  
The deities' whole court to discuss the cause."

Phœbus replied: "And not unworthy is  
The cause of all the court of deities.  
For you shall hear, it comprehends the weight  
Of devastation; and the very height  
Of spoil and rapine, even of deities' rights.  
Yet you, as if myself lov'd such delights,  
Use words that wound my heart. I bring you here  
An infant, that, even now, admits no peer  
In rapes and robb'ries. Finding out his place,

After my measure of an infinite space,  
In the Cyllenian mountain, such a one  
In all the art of opprobation,  
As not in all the deities, I have seen;  
Nor in th' oblivion-mark'd-whole race of men.  
In night he drove my oxen from their leas,  
Along the lofty roar-resounding seas,  
From out the road-way quite; the steps of them  
So quite transpos'd, as would amaze the beam  
Of any mind's eye, being so infinite much  
Involv'd in doubt, as show'd a deified touch  
Went to the work's performance. All the way  
Through which my cross-hoof'd cows he did convey,  
Had dust so darkly-hard to search; and he  
So past all measure, wrapp'd in subtily.  
For, nor with feet, nor hands, he form'd his steps,  
In passing through the dry way's sandy heaps;  
But us'd another counsel to keep hid  
His monstrous tracts, that show'd as one had slid  
On oak or other boughs, that swept out still  
The footsteps of his oxen; and did fill  
Their prints up ever, to the daffodil  
(Or dainty feeding meadow) as they trod,  
Driven by this cautious and infant god.

A mortal man yet, saw him driving on  
His prey to Pylos. Which when he had done  
And got his pass sign'd, with a sacred fire  
In peace, and freely (though to his desire,

Not to the gods, he offer'd part of these  
My ravish'd oxen), he retires, and lies,  
Like to the gloomy night in his dim den,  
All hid in darkness; and in clouts again  
Wrapp'd him so closely, that the sharp-seen eye  
Of your own eagle could not see him lie.  
For with his hands the air he rarified  
(This way, and that mov'd), till bright gleams did glide  
About his being; that if any eye  
Should dare the darkness, light appos'd so nigh  
Might blind it quite with her antipathy.  
Which while he wove, in curious care t' illude  
Th' extreme of any eye, that could intrude.  
On which relying, he outrageously  
(When I accus'd him) trebled his reply;  
'I did not see, I did not hear; nor I  
Will tell at all, that any other stole  
Your broad-brow'd beeves. Which an impostor's soul  
Would soon have done; and any author fain  
Of purpose only, a reward to gain.'  
And thus he colour'd truth in every lie."  
This said, Apollo sat; and Mercury,  
The gods commander pleas'd with this reply.  
"Father! I'll tell the truth (for I am true  
And far from art to lie); he did pursue  
Even to my cave, his oxen: this self day,  
The sun, new raising his illustrious ray.  
But brought with him none of the bliss-endu'd,  
Nor any ocular witness, to conclude

His bare assertion. But his own command,  
Laid on with strong and necessary hand,  
To show his oxen. Using threats to cast  
My poor and infant pow'rs into the vast  
Of ghastly Tartarus; because he bears  
Of strength-sustaining youth the flaming years.  
And I, but yesterday produc'd to light;  
By which it fell into his own free sight,  
That I in no similitude appear'd  
Of pow'r to be the forcer of a herd.  
And credit me, O Father, since the grace  
Of that name, in your style, you please to place;  
I drove not home his oxen, no nor press'd  
Past mine own threshold; for 'tis manifest,  
I reverence, with my soul, the Sun, and all  
The knowing dwellers in this heavenly hall.  
Love you;—observe the least: and 'tis most clear  
In your own knowledge, that my merits bear  
No least guilt of his blame. To all which I  
Dare add heaven's great oath, boldly swearing by  
All these so well-built entries of the blest.  
And therefore when I saw myself so press'd  
With his reproaches, I confess I burn'd  
In my pure gall; and harsh reply return'd.  
Add your aid to your younger then, and free  
The scruple fix'd in Phœbus' jealousy."

This said, he wink'd upon his sire; and still  
His swathbands held beneath his arm; no will

Discern'd in him to hide, but have them shown.  
Jove laugh'd aloud at his ingenious son,  
Quitting himself with art, so likely wrought,  
As show'd in his heart not a rapinous thought.  
Commanding both, to bear attoned minds  
And seek out th' oxen; in which search he binds  
Hermes to play the guide, and show the Sun  
(All grudge exil'd) the shrowd to which he won  
His fair-ey'd oxen. Then his forehead bow'd,  
For sign it must be so; and Hermes show'd  
His free obedience. So soon he inclin'd  
To his persuasion and command, his mind.

Now then, Jove's jarring sons no longer stood;  
But sandy Pylos and th' Alphean flood  
Reach'd instantly, and made as quick a fall  
On those rich-feeding fields, and lofty stall  
Where Phœbus' oxen Hermes safely kept,  
Driven in by night. When suddenly he stepp'd  
Up to the stony cave; and into light  
Drove forth the oxen. Phœbus at first sight  
Knew them the same; and saw apart dispread  
Upon a high-rais'd rock, the hides new flay'd  
Of th' oxen sacrific'd. Then Phœbus said,  
"O thou in crafty counsels undisplay'd!  
How couldst thou cut the throats, and cast to earth  
Two such huge oxen? being so young a birth,  
And a mere infant? I admire thy force  
And will, behind thy back. But this swift course

Of growing into strength, thou hadst not need  
Continue any long date, O thou seed  
Of honour'd Maia!—Hermes, (to show how  
He did those deeds) did forthwith cut and bow  
Strong osiers in soft folds; and strapp'd straight  
One of his hugest oxen: all his weight  
Lay'ng prostrate on the earth at Phœbus' feet:  
All his four cloven hoofs, easily made to greet  
Each other upwards, all together brought.  
In all which bands yef all the beast's pow'rs wrought  
To rise, and stand; when all the herd about.  
The mighty Hermes rush'd in, to help out  
Their fellow from his fetters; Phœbus' view  
Of all this, up to admiration drew  
Even his high forces; and stern looks he threw  
At Hermes for his herd's wrong, and the place  
To which he had retir'd them, being in grace  
And fruitful riches of it so entire:  
All which set all his force on envious fire.  
All whose heat flew out of his eyes in flames;  
Which fain he would have hid, to hide the shames  
Of his ill-govern'd passions. But with ease  
Hermes could calm them; and his humours please  
Still at his pleasure, were he ne'er so great  
In force and fortitude, and high in heat.  
In all which he his lute took, and assay'd  
A song upon him, and so strangely play'd,  
That from his hand a ravishing horror flew.  
Which Phœbus into laughter turn'd, and grew

Pleasant past measure ; tunes so artful clear  
Struck even his heart-strings ; and his mind made hear.  
His lute so powerful was in forcing love,  
As his hand rul'd it, that from him it drove  
All fear of Phoebus ; yet he gave him still  
The upper hand ; and, to advance his skill  
To utmost miracle, he play'd sometimes  
Single awhile ; in which, when all the climes  
Of rapture he had reach'd, to make the sun  
Admire enough, O then, his voice would run  
Such points upon his play, and did so move,  
They took Apollo prisoner to his love.  
And now the deathless gods and deathful earth  
He sung, beginning at their either's birth  
To full extent of all their emperie.  
And, first, the honour to Mnemosyne,  
The Muses mother, of all goddess states  
He gave ; even forc'd to't by the equal fates.  
And then (as it did in priority fall  
Of age and birth) he celebrated all.  
And with such elegance and order sung  
(His lute still touch'd, to stick more off his tongue),  
That Phoebus' heart, with infinite love, he eat.  
Who therefore thus did his deserts entreat :

“Master of sacrifice ! chief soul of feast ;  
Patient of all pains ; artizan so blest ;  
That all things thou canst do, in any one.  
Worth fifty oxen is th' invention

Of this one lute. We both shall now, I hope,  
In firm peace work to all our wishes' scope.  
Inform me (thou that every way canst wind,  
And turn to act, all wishes of thy mind),  
Together with thy birth, came all thy skill?  
Or did some god, or god-like man, instil  
This heavenly song to thee? Methinks I hear  
A new voice; such as never yet came near  
The breast of any, either man or god,  
Till in thee it had prime and period.  
What art, what muse, that med'cine can produce  
For cares most cureless? what inveterate use,  
Or practice of a virtue so profuse,  
Which three, do all the contribution keep  
That Joy, or Love confers, or pleasing Sleep,  
Taught thee the sovereign facture of them all?  
I, of the Muses, am the capital  
Consort, or follower: and to these belong  
The grace of dance, all worthy ways of song,  
And ever-flourishing verse; the delicate set  
And sound of instruments. But never yet  
Did any thing so much affect my mind  
With joy and care to compass, as this kind  
Of song and play; that for the sprightly feast  
Of flourishing assemblies, are the best  
And aptest works that ever worth gave act.  
My pow'rs with admiration stand distract,  
To hear, with what a hand to make in love,  
Thou rul'st thy lute. And though thy yong'st hours  
move,

At full ~~art~~, in old councils. Here I vow  
(Even by this cornel dart, I use to throw)  
To thee, and to thy mother; I'll make thee  
Amongst the gods, of glorious degree.  
Guide of men's ways and theirs. And will impart  
To thee the mighty imperatory art:  
Bestow rich gifts on thee; and in the end  
Never deceive thee. Hermes, (as a friend  
That wrought on all advantage, and made gain  
His capital object,) thus did entertain  
Phœbus Apollo: do thy dignities,  
Far-working God, and circularly wise,  
Demand my virtues? Without envy I  
Will teach thee to ascend my faculty.  
And this day thou shalt reach it; finding me,  
In acts and councils, all ways kind to thee,  
As one that all things knows; and first tak'st seat  
Amongst th' immortals, being good and great.  
And therefore to Jove's love mak'st free access,  
Even out of his accomplish'd holiness.  
Great gifts he likewise gives thee, who, fame says,  
Hast won thy greatness, by his will, his ways.  
By him know'st all the powers prophetical,  
O thou far-worker, and the fates of all.  
Yea, and I know thee rich, yet apt to learn;  
And even thy wish dost but discern and earn.  
And since thy soul so burns to know the way  
To play and sing as I do: sing, and play.  
Play; and perfection in thy play employ;  
And be thy care, to learn things good, thy joy.

Take thou my lute, my love, and give thou me  
The glory of so great a faculty.  
This sweet-tun'd consort, held but in thy hand,  
Sing; and perfection in thy song command.  
For thou already hast the way to speak  
Fairly and elegantly, and to break  
All eloquence into thy utter'd mind.  
One gift from heaven found may another find.  
Use then, securely, this thy gift, and go  
To feasts and dances that enamour so;  
And to that covetous sport of getting glory,  
That day, nor night, will suffer to be sorry.  
Whoever does but say, in verse, sings still;  
Which he that can of any other skill  
Is capable, so he be taught by art  
And wisdom; and can speak at every part  
Things pleasing to an understanding mind:  
And such a one that seeks this lute shall find.  
Him still it teaches easily, though he plays  
Soft voluntaries only; and assays  
As wanton as the sports of children are.  
And even when he aspires to singular,  
In all the mast'ries he shall play or sing,  
Finds the whole work but an unhappy thing:  
He (I say) sure; shall of this lute be king.  
But he, whoever, rudely sets upon,  
Of this lute's skill, th' inquest or question,  
Never so ardently and angrily,  
Without the aptness and ability

Of art, and nature fitting; never shall  
Aspire to this; but utter trivial  
And idle accents, though sung ne'er so loud,  
And never so commended of the crowd.  
But thee, I know, O eminent son of Jove,  
The fiery learner of whatever Love  
Hath sharpen'd thy affections to achieve.  
And thee I give this lute: let us now live  
Feeding upon the hill-and-horse-fed earth  
Our never-handled oxen; whose dear birth  
Their females, fellow'd with their males, let flow  
In store enough hereafter; nor must you,  
(However cunning hearted your wits are,)  
Boil in your gall, a grudge too circular."

Thus gave he him his lute, which he embrac'd;  
And gave again a gode, whose bright head cast  
Beams like the light forth; leaving to his care  
His oxen's keeping. Which, with joyful fare,  
He took on him. The lute Apollo took  
Into his left hand, and aloft he shook  
Delightsome sounds up, to which God did sing.  
Then were the oxen to their endless spring  
Turn'd, and Jove's two illustr'ous offsprings flew  
Up to Olympus, where it ever snow;  
Delighted with their lute's sound all the way.  
Whom Jove much joy'd to see, and endless stay  
Gave to their knot of friendship. From which date  
Hermes gave Phœbus an eternal state

In his affection, whose sure pledge and sign  
His lute was; and the doctrine so divine,  
Jointly confer'd on him. Which well might be  
True symbol of his love's simplicity.

On th' other part, Apollo in his friend  
Form'd th' art of wisdom, to the binding end  
Of his vow'd friendship; and (for further meed)  
Gave him the far-heard fistulary reed.

For all these forms of friendship, Phœbus yet  
Fear'd that both form and substance were not met  
In Mercury's intentions: and, in plain,  
Said, (since he saw him, born to craft and gain,  
And that Jove's will had him the honour done,  
To change at his will the possession  
Of others gods), he fear'd his breach of vows,  
In stealing both his lute and cunning bows.  
And therefore wish'd, that what the gods affect,  
Himself would witness; and to his request  
His head bow, swearing by th' impetuous flood  
Of Styx, that of his whole possessions, not a good  
He would diminish; but therein maintain  
The full content, in which his mind did reign.  
And then did Maia's son his forehead bow,  
Making, by all that he desir'd, his vow:  
Never to prey more upon any thing,  
In just possession of the far-shot king;  
Nor ever to come near a house of his.  
Latonian Phœbus bow'd his brow to this,

With his like promise, saying, “ Not any one  
Of all the gods, nor any man, that son  
Is to Saturnius, is more dear to me ;  
More trusted, nor more honour’d is than thee.  
Which, yet with greater gifts of deity,  
In future I’ll confirm ; and give thy state  
A rod that riches shall accumulate,  
Nor leave the bearer, thrall to death, or fate,  
Or any sickness. All of gold it is ;  
Three-leav’d ; and full of all felicities.  
And this shall be thy guardian ; this shall give  
The gods to thee, in all the truth they live.  
And finally, shall this the tut’ress be  
Of all the words and works, informing me  
From Jove’s high counsels ; making known to thee  
All my instructions. But to prophecy,  
(O best of Jove’s belov’d,) and that high skill,  
Which to obtain, lies burning in thy will ;  
Nor thee, nor any god, will fate let learn.  
Only Jove’s mind hath insight to discern  
What that importeth ; yet am I allow’d  
(My known faith trusted, and my forehead bow’d ;  
Our great oath taken, to resolve to none  
Of all th’ immortals, the restriction  
Of that deep knowledge), of it all, the mind.  
Since then it sits, in such fast bounds confin’d,  
O brother, when the golden rod is held  
In thy strong hand ; seek not to have reveal’d  
Any sure fate that Jove will have conceal’d.

For no man shall, by know'ng, prevent his fate;  
And therefore will I hold in my free state  
The pow'r to hurt and help what man I will,  
Of all the greatest, or least touch'd with ill,  
That walk within the circle of mine eye,  
In all the tribes and sexes it shall try.

Yet, truly, any man shall have his will  
To reap the fruits of my prophetic skill;  
Whoever seeks it, by the voice or wing  
Of birds, borne truly, such events to sing.  
Nor will I falsely, nor with fallacies  
Infringe the truth on which his faith relies;  
But he that truths in chattering plumes would find,  
Quite opposite to them that prompt my mind,  
And learn by natural forgers of vain lies,  
The more-than-ever-certain deities;  
That man shall sea-ways tread that leave no tracts,  
And false, or no guide find, for all his facts.  
And yet will I his gifts accept as well  
As his to whom the simple truth I tell.

One other thing to thee I'll yet make known,  
Maia's exceedingly renowned son,  
And Jove's; and of the god's whole session  
The most ingenious genius. There dwell  
Within a crooked cranny, in a dell  
Beneath Parnassus, certain sisters born,  
Call'd Parcae; whom extreme swift wings adorn

Their number three, that have upon their heads  
White barley flour still sprinkled, and are maids;  
And these are schoolmistresses of things to come,  
Without the gift of prophecy: of whom  
(Being but a boy, and keeping oxen near),  
I learn'd their skill; though my great father were  
Careless of it, or them. These flying from home  
To others' roofs, and fed with honeycomb,  
Command all skill; and (being enraged then)  
Will freely tell the truths of things to men.  
But if they give them not that God's sweet meat,  
They then are apt to utter their deceit,  
And lead men from their way. And these will I  
Give thee hereafter, when their scrutiny  
And truth thou hast both made and learn'd, and then  
Please thyself with them; and the race of men  
(Wilt thou know any) with thy skill endear:  
Who will, be sure, afford it greedy ear,  
And hear it often if it prove sincere.

Take these (O Maia's son), and in thy care  
Be horse and oxen: all such men as are  
Patient of labour, lions, white-tooth'd boars,  
Mastiffs, and flocks that feed the flow'ry shores,  
And every four-foot beast; all which shall stand  
In awe of thy high imperatory hand.  
Be thou to Dis too sole ambassador,  
Who, though all gifts and bounties he abhor,  
On thee he will bestow a wealthy one.  
Thus king Apollo honour'd Maia's son

With all the rights of friendship, all whose love  
Had imposition from the will of Jove.  
And thus with gods and mortals Hermes liv'd,  
Who truly help'd but few, but all deceiv'd  
With an undifferencing respect; and made  
Vain words and false persuasions his trade.  
His deeds were all associates of the night,  
In which his close wrongs car'd for no man's right.

So all salutes to Hermes that are due,  
Of whom, and all gods, shall my muse sing true.

THE END OF THE HYMN TO HERMES.

## A HYMN TO VENUS.

The force, O muse, and functions, now unfold,  
 Of Cyprian Venus, grac'd with mines of gold.  
 Who, even in deities, lights love's sweet desire ;  
 And all death's kinds of men, makes kiss her fire :  
 All air's wing'd nation ; all the belluine ;  
 That or the earth feeds, or the seas confine.  
 To all which appertain the love and care  
 Of well-crown'd Venus' works. Yet three there are,  
 Whose minds she neither can deceive nor move ;  
 Pallas, the seed of *Ægis-bearing-Jove*,  
 Who still lives indevirginate ; her eyes  
 Being blue, and sparkling like the freezing skies ;  
 Whom all the gold of Venus never can  
 Tempt to affect her facts, with God or man.  
 She loving strife, and Mars his working banes,  
 Pitch'd fields and fights, and famous artizans,  
 Taught earthy men first all the arts that are ;  
 Chariots, and all the frames vehicular,  
 Chiefly with brass, arm'd, and adorn'd for war.  
 Where Venus, only soft-skiinn'd wenches fills  
 With wanton house-works, and suggests those skills  
 Still to their studies. Whom Diana neither,  
 That bears the golden distaff, and together  
 Calls horns, and halloos, and the cries of hounds,  
 And owns the epithet of loving sounds

For their sakes, springing from such sprightly sports,  
Can catch with her kind lures. But ill resorts  
To wild-beasts, slaughters, accents far-off heard  
Of harps and dances, and of woods unshear'd  
The sacrēd shades she loves; yet likes as well  
Cities where good men and their offspring dwell.  
The third, whom her kind passions nothing please,  
Is virgin Vesta; whom Saturnides  
Made reverend with his counsels; when his sire,  
That adverse counsels agitates, life's fire  
Had kindled in her, being his last begot.  
Whom Neptune woo'd to knit with him the knot  
Of honour'd nuptials; and Apollo too;  
Which with much vehemence she refus'd to do,  
And stern repulses put upon them both.  
Adding to all her vows the god's great oath,  
And touching Jove's chin, which must consummate  
All vows so bound, that she would hold her state;  
And be th' invincible maid of deities  
Through all her days' dates. For Saturnides  
Gave her a fair gift in her nuptial's stead,  
To sit in midst of his house and be fed  
With all the free and richest feast of heaven;  
In all the temples of the gods being given  
The prize of honour. Not a mortal man,  
That either of the pow'rs Olympian  
His half-birth having, may be said to be  
A mortal of the gods; or else that he  
(Deities' wills doing) is of deity,

But gives her honour of the amplest kind.  
Of all these three can Venus not a mind  
Deceive, or set on forces to reflect.  
Of all pow'rs else yet, not a sex, nor sect,  
Flies Venus; either of the blessed gods,  
Or men, confin'd in mortal periods.  
But even the mind of Jove she doth seduce,  
That chides with thunder so her lawless use  
In human creatures; and by lot is given  
Of all, most honour, both in earth and heaven.  
And yet even his all-wise and mighty mind,  
She, when she lists, can forge affects to blind,  
And mix with mortal dames his deity:  
Conceal'd, at all parts, from the jealous eye  
Of Juno, who was both his sister born,  
And made his wife; whom beauty did adorn  
Past all the bevy of immortal dames,  
And whose so chiefly-glorified flames  
Cross-counsel'd Saturn got; and Rhæa bore;  
And Jove's pure counsels (being conqueror),  
His wife made of his sister. Ay, and more;  
Cast such an amorous fire into her mind  
As made her (like him) with the mortal kind  
Meet in unmeet bed; using utmost haste,  
Lest she should know that he liv'd so unchaste,  
Before herself felt that fault in her heart;  
And gave her tongue too just edge of desert  
To tax his lightness. With this end, beside,  
Lest laughter-studying Venus should deride

The gods more than the goddesses; and say  
That she the gods commix'd in amorous play  
With mortal dames; begetting mortal seed  
T' immortal sires, and not make goddesses breed  
The like with mortal fathers. But t' acquite  
Both gods and goddesses of her despite,  
Jove took (even in herself) on him her pow'r;  
And made her with a mortal paramour  
Use as deform'd a mixture as the rest,  
Kindling a kind affection in her breast  
To god-like-limb'd Anchises, as he kept,  
On <sup>1</sup> Ida's-top-on-top-to-heavens-pole heap'd,  
Amongst the many fountains there, his herd;  
For after his brave person had appear'd  
To her bright eye, her heart flew all on fire;  
And (to amaze) she burn'd in his desire.  
Flew straight to Cyprus, to her odorous fane  
And altars, that the people Paphian  
Advanc'd to her. Where, soon as enter'd, she  
The shining gates shut; and the graces three  
Wash'd; and with oils of everlasting scent,  
Bath'd, as became, her deathless lineament.  
Then her ambrosian mantle she assum'd;  
With rich and odoriferous airs perfum'd;  
Which being put on, and all her trims beside  
Fair, and with all allurements amplified,

<sup>1</sup> Αἰγαῖον. Altissimum habens virticem, cuius summitas  
ipsum polum attingit.

The all-of-gold-made-laughter-loving dame,  
Left odorous Cyprus ; and for Troy became  
A swift contendress, her pass cutting all  
Along the clouds ; and made her instant fall  
On fountful Ida, that her mother-breasts  
Gives to the preyfull brood of savage beasts.  
And through the hill she went the ready way  
T' Anchises' oxstall, where did fawn and play  
About her blessed feet, wolves grisly-grey ;  
Terrible lions ; many a mankind bear ;  
And leopards swift, insatiate of red deer.  
Whose sight so pleas'd, that ever as she past  
Through every beast, a kindly love she cast ;  
That in their dens-obscur'd with shadows deep,  
Made all, distinguish'd, in kind couples, sleep.

And now she reach'd the rich pavilion  
Of the hero,—in whom heavens had shown  
A fair and goodly composition ;  
And whom she in his oxstall found, alone ;  
His oxen feeding in fat pastures by,  
He walking up and down, sounds clear and high,  
From his harp striking. Then, before him, she  
Stood like a virgin, that invincibly  
Had borne her beauties ; yet alluringly  
Bearing her person, lest his ravish'd eye  
Should chance t' affect him with a stupid fear.  
Anchises seeing her, all his senses were  
With wonder stricken ; and high-taken-heeds  
Both of her form, brave stature, and rich weeds.

For, for a veil, she shin'd in an attire  
That cast a radiance past the ray of fire.  
Beneath which, wore she girt to her, a gown  
Wrought all with growing-rose-buds, reaching down  
T' her slender smalls, which buskins did divine;  
Such as taught Thetis silver feet to shine.  
Her soft white neck rich carcanets embrac'd,  
Bright, and with gold, in all variety grac'd;  
That to her breasts (let down) lay there and shone,  
As at her joyful full, the rising moon.  
Her sight show'd miracles. Anchises' heart  
Love took into his hand, and made him part  
With these high salutations: "Joy, (O queen!)  
Whoever of the blest thy beauties been  
That light these entries: or the deity  
That darts affecteth, or that gave the eye  
Of heaven his heat and lustre; or that moves  
The hearts of all, with all-commanding loves;  
Or generous Themis; or the blue-ey'd maid;  
Or of the graces, any that are laid  
With all the gods' in comparable scales,  
And whom fame up to immortality calls;  
Or any of the nymphs, that unshorn groves,  
Or that this fair hill-habitation loves,  
Or valleys flowing with earth's fattest goods;  
Or fountains, pouring forth eternal floods.  
Say, which of all thou art, that in some place  
Of circular prospect, for thine eyes' dear grace  
I may an altar build, and to thy pow'rs  
Make sacred all the year's devoted hours,

With consecrations sweet and opulent.  
Assur'd whereof, be thy benign mind bent  
To these wish'd blessings of me, give me parts  
Of chief attraction in Trojan hearts.  
And after, give me the resplendency  
Of most renown'd and rich posterity;  
Long, and free life, and heaven's sweet light as long;  
The people's blessings, and a health so strong,  
That no disease it let my life engage,  
Till th' utmost limit of a human age."

To this, Jove's seed, this answer gave again:  
"Anchises! happiest of the human strain;  
I am no goddess: why, a thrall to death  
Think'st thou like those that immortality breathe?  
A woman brought me forth; my father's name  
Was Otreus (if ever his high fame  
Thine ears have witness'd), for he govern'd all  
The Phrygian state; whose every town a wall  
Impregnable embrac'd. Your tongue, you hear,  
I speak so well, that in my natural sphere  
(As I pretend), it must have taken prime.  
A woman likewise, of the Trojan clime,  
Took of me, in her house, the nurse's care  
From my dear mother's bosom; and thus are  
My words of equal accent with your own.  
How here I come to make the reason known,  
Argicides, that bears the golden rod,  
Transferr'd me forcibly from my abode

Made with the maiden train, of her that joys  
In golden shafts; and loves so well the noise  
Of hounds and hunters (heaven's pure-living pow'r),  
Where many a nymph and maid of mighty dow'r  
Chaste sports employ'd. All circled with a crown  
Of infinite multitude, to see so shown  
Our maiden pastimes. Yet from all the fair  
Of this so forceful concourse, up in air  
The golden-rod-sustaining-Argus guide,  
Rap'd me in sight of all, and made me ride  
Along the clouds with him, enforcing me  
Through many a labour of mortality;  
Through many an unbuilt region; and a rude,  
Where savage beasts devour'd preys warm and crude;  
And would not let my fears take one foot's tread  
On her by whom are all lives comforted;  
But said, my maiden state must grace the bed  
Of king Anchises, and bring forth to thee  
Issue as fair as of divine degree.  
Which said, and showing me thy moving grace,  
Away flew he up to th' immortal race.  
And thus came I to thee: necessity  
With her steel stings, compelling me t' apply  
To her high pow'r my will. But you must I  
Implore by Jove, and all the reverence due  
To your dear parents; who (in bearing you)  
Can bear no mean sail; lead me home to them  
An untouch'd maid: being brought up in th' extreme  
Of much too cold simplicity, to know  
The fiery cunning that in Venus glow.

Show me to them then, and thy brothers born ;  
I shall appear none that parts disadorn,  
But such as well may serve a brother's wife ;  
And show them now, even to my future life,  
If such or no my present will extend.  
To horse-bred-vary'ng Phrygia likewise send  
T' inform my sire and mother of my state,  
That live for me, extreme disconsolate ;  
Who gold enough, and well-woven weeds will give.  
All whose rich gifts in my amends receive.  
All this perform'd, add celebration then  
Of honour'd nuptials, that by God and men  
Are held in reverence." All this while she said,  
Into his bosom, jointly, she convey'd  
The fires of love, when, all enamour'd, he  
In these terms answered: "If mortality  
Confine thy fortunes, and a woman were  
Mother to those attractions that appear  
In thy admir'd form ; thy great father given  
High name of Otreus, and the spy of heaven  
(Immortal Mercury), th' enforceful cause  
That made thee lose the prize of that applause,  
That modesty immaculate virgins gives :  
My wife thou shalt be call'd through both our lives.  
Nor shall the pow'rs of men nor gods withhold  
My fiery resolution, to enfold  
Thy bosom in mine arms ; which here I vow  
To firm performance, past delay, and now.  
Nor should Apollo with his silver bow

Shoot me to instant death, would I forbear  
To do a deed so full of cause so dear.  
For with a heaven-sweet woman I will lie,  
Though straight I stoop the house of Dis, and die."

This said, he took her hand, and she took way  
With him ; her bright eyes casting round ; whose stay  
She stuck upon a bed, that was before  
Made for the king, and wealthy coverings wore.  
On which bears' hides and big-voic'd lions' lay,  
Whose preyful lives the king had made his prey,  
Hunting th' Idalian hills. This bed, when they  
Had both ascended, first he took from her  
The fiery weed, that was her utmost wear.  
Unbutton'd her next rosy robe, and loos'd  
The girdle that her slender waist enclos'd.  
Unlac'd her buskins ; all her jewel'ry  
Took from her neck and breasts, and all laid by  
Upon a golden-studded chair of state.  
Th' amaze of all which being remov'd, even fate  
And council of the equal gods gave way  
To this, that with a deathless goddess lay  
A deathful man : since, what his love assum'd,  
Not with his conscious knowledge was presum'd.

Now when the shepherds and the herdsmen, all,  
Turn'd from their flow'ry pasture to their stall,  
With all their oxen ; fat, and frolic sheep ;  
Venus into Anchises cast a sleep,

Sweet and profound ; while with her own hands now  
With her rich weeds she did herself endow ;  
But so distinguish'd, that he clear might know  
His happy glories ; then (to her desire  
Her heavenly person, put in trimms entire)  
She by the bed stood, of the well-built stall,  
Advanc'd her head to state celestial ;  
And in her cheeks arose the radiant hue  
Of rich-crown'd Venus to apparent view.  
And then she rous'd him from his rest, and said,  
" Up, my Dardanides, forsake thy bed.  
What pleasure, late employ'd, lets humour steep  
Thy lids in this inexcitable sleep ?  
Wake, and now say, if I appear to thee  
Like her that first thine eyes conceited me."

This started him from sleep, though deep and dear,  
And passing promptly, he enjoy'd his ear.  
But when his eye saw Venus' neck and eyes,  
Whose beauties could not bear the counterprise  
Of any other, down his own eyes fell ;  
Which pallid fear did from her view repel,  
And made him, with a main respect beside,  
Turn his whole person from her state, and hide  
(With his rich weed appos'd) his royal face ;  
These wing'd words using ; " When, at first, thy grace  
Mine eyes gave entertainment, well I knew  
Thy state was deified : but thou told'st not true ;  
And therefore let me pray thee (by thy love  
Borne to thy father, *Æ*gis-bearing Jove),

That thou wilt never let me live to be  
An abject, after so divine degree  
Taken in fortune; but take ruth on me.  
For any man that with a goddess lies,  
Of interest in immortalities,  
Is never long liv'd." She replied, " Forbear  
(O happiest of mortal men) this fear,  
And rest assur'd, that (not for me, at least)  
Thy least ills fear fits; no, nor for the rest  
Of all the blessed, for thou art their friend;  
And so far from sustaining instant end,  
That to thy long-enlarg'd life there shall spring  
Amongst the Trojans a dear son, and king,  
To whom shall many a son, and son's son rise  
In everlasting great posterities.  
His name *Æneas*; therein keeping life,  
For ever, in my much-conceited grief,  
That I (immortal) fell into the bed  
Of one whose blood mortality must shed.  
But rest thou comforted, and all the race  
That Troy shall propagate in this high grace;  
That, past all races else, the gods stand near  
Your glorious nation, for the forms ye bear,  
And natures so ingenuous and sincere.  
For which, the great in counsels (Jupiter),  
Your gold-lock'd Ganymedes did transfer  
(In rapture far from men's depressed fates)  
To make him consort with our deified states,  
And scale the tops of the Saturnian skies;  
He was so mere a marvel in their eycs.

And therefore from a bolle of gold he fills  
 Red nectar, that the rude distension kills  
 Of winds that in your human stomachs breed.  
<sup>1</sup> But then did languor on the liver feed  
 Of Tros (his father), that was king of Troy ;  
 And ever did his memory employ  
 With loss of his dear beauty so bereaven,  
 Though with a sacred whirlwind rapt to heaven.  
 But Jove, in pity of him, saw him given  
 Good compensation, sending by heaven's spy  
 White-swift-hoof'd horse, that immortality  
 Had made firm spirited; and had, beside,  
 Hermes to see his embassy supplied  
 With this vow'd bounty (using all at large  
 That his unalter'd counsels gave in charge),  
 That he himself should immortality breathe,  
 Expert of age and woe, as well as death.

“ This embassy express'd, he mourn'd no more,  
 But up with all his inmost mind he bore ;  
 Joying that he, upon his swift-hoof'd horse,  
 Should be sustain'd in an eternal course.

“ So did the golden-thron'd Aurora raise  
 Into her lap, another that the praise  
 Of an immortal fashion had in fame,  
 And of your nation bore the noble name ;

<sup>1</sup> ἔλανγος. *Cujus memoria erit perpetua.*

(His title Tython) who, not pleas'd with her,  
As she his lovely person did transfer;  
To satisfy him, she bade ask of Jove,  
The gift of an immortal for her love.  
Jove gave, and bound it with his bowed brow,  
Performing to the utmost point his vow.  
Fool that she was, that would her love engage,  
And not as long ask from the bane of age  
The sweet exemption, and youth's endless flow'r.  
Of which, as long as both the grace and pow'r  
His person entertain'd, she lov'd the man,  
And (at the fluents of the ocean  
Near Earth's extreme bounds) dwelt with him; but  
when

(According to the course of aged men)  
On his fair head, and honourable beard,  
His first grey hairs to her light eyes appear'd;  
She left his bed, yet gave him still for food  
The gods' ambrosia, and attire as good.  
Till even the hate of age came on so fast  
That not a lineament of his was grac'd  
With pow'r of motion, nor did still sustain  
(Much less) the vigour had, t' advance a vein;  
The virtue lost in each exhausted limb,  
That at his wish before would answer him;  
All pow'r so quite decay'd, that when he spake  
His voice no perceptible accent brake:  
Her counsel then thought best to strive no more,  
But lay him in his bed and lock his door.

Such an immortal would not I wish thee,  
To extend all days so to eternity.  
But if, as now, thou couldst perform thy course  
In grace of form, and all corporeal force  
To an eternal date; thou then shouldst bear  
My husband's worthy name, and not a tear  
Should I need rain, for thy deserts declin'd,  
From my all-clouded bitterness of mind.  
But now the stern storm of relentless age  
Will quickly circle thee, that waits t' engage  
All men alike, even loathsomeness and bane  
Attending with it every human wane;  
Which even the gods hate. Such a penance lies  
Impos'd on flesh and blood's infirmities,  
Which I myself must taste in great degree,  
And date as endless, for consorting thee.  
All the immortals, with my opprobry,  
Are full by this time; on their hearts so lie  
(Even to the sting of fear) my cunnings us'd,  
And wiving conversations infus'd  
Into the bosoms of the best of them  
With women, that the frail and mortal stream  
Doth daily ravish. All this long since done.  
Which now no more, but with effusion  
Of tears, I must in heaven so much as name;  
I have so forfeited in this, my fame;  
And am impos'd pain of so great a kind  
For so much erring from a goddess' mind.  
For I have put beneath my girdle here,  
A son, whose sire, the human mortal sphere

Gives circumscription. But when first the light  
His eyes shall comfort, nymphs that haunt the height  
Of hills, and breasts have of most deep receipt,  
Shall be his nurses ; who inhabit now  
A hill of so vast and divine a brow,  
As man nor God can come at their retreats.  
Who live long lives and eat immortal meats,  
And with immortals in the exercise  
Of comely dances dare contend ; and rise  
Into high question which deserves the prize.  
The light Sileni mix in love with these,  
And, of all spies the prince, Argicides ;  
In well-trimm'd caves their secret meetings made.  
And with the lives of these doth life invade,  
Or odorous fir trees, or high-foreheaded oaks,  
Together taking their begetting strokes ;  
And have their lives and deaths of equal dates,  
Trees bearing lovely and delightsome states,  
Whom Earth first feeds, that men initiates.  
On her high hills she doth their states sustain,  
And they their own heights raise as high again.

“Their growths together made, nymphs call their  
groves,  
Vow'd to th' immortals services and loves ;  
Which men's steels therefore touch not, but let grow.  
But when wise Fates times for their fadings know,  
The fair trees still before the fair nymphs die,  
The bark about them grown corrupt and dry,

And all their boughs fall'n, yield to Earth her right ;  
And then the nymph's lives leave the lovely light.

“ And these nymphs, in their caves, shall nurse my son,  
Whom (when in him youth's first grace is begun)  
The nymphs, his nurses, shall present to thee,  
And shew thee what a birth thou hast by me.  
And, sure as now I tell thee all these things,  
When Earth hath cloth'd her plants in five fair springs,  
Myself will make return to this retreat,  
And bring that flow'r of thy enamour'd heat;  
Whom when thou then seest, joy shall fire thine eyes ;  
He shall so well present the deities.  
And then into thine own care take thy son  
From his calm seat to windy Ilion,  
Where, if strict question be upon thee past,  
Asking what mother bore beneath her waist  
So dear a son ; answer, as I afford  
Fit admonition, nor forget a word ;  
They say a nymph, call'd Calucopides,  
That is with others, an inhabitress  
On this thy wood-crown'd hill, acknowledges  
That she his life gave. But if thou declare  
The secret's truth, and art so mad to dare  
(In glory of thy fortunes) to approve  
That rich-crown'd Venus mix'd with thee in love,  
Jove, fir'd with my aspersion so dispread,  
Will, with a wreakful lightning, dart thee dead.

“All now is told thee, comprehend it all.  
Be master of thyself, and do not call  
My name in question; but with reverence vow  
To deities’ angers all the awe ye owe.”  
This said, she reach’d heaven, where airs ever flow,  
And so, O goddess, ever honour’d be,  
In thy so odorous Cyprian emperie;  
My muse, affecting first thy fame to raise,  
Shall make transcendence now to others’ praise.

THE END OF THE FIRST HYMN TO VENUS.

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#### TO THE SAME.

THE reverend, rich-crown’d, and fair queen, I sing,  
Venus, that owes in fate the fortressing  
Of all maritimal Cyprus. Where the force  
Of gentle-breathing Zephyr steer’d her course  
Along the waves of the resounding sea;  
While, yet unborn, in that soft foam she lay  
That brought her forth, whom those fair hours that  
bear  
The golden bridles, joyfully stood near,  
Took up into their arms, and put on her  
Weeds of a never-corruptible wear.

On her immortal head a crown they plac'd,  
Elaborate, and with all the beauties grac'd  
That gold could give it: of a weight so great,  
That to impose and take off, it had set  
Three handles on it, made for endless hold,  
Of shining brass, and all adorn'd with gold.  
Her soft neck all with carcanets was grac'd,  
That stoop'd, and both her silver breasts embrac'd,  
Which even the hours themselves wear in resort  
To deities' dances, and her father's court.  
Grac'd at all parts, they brought to heaven her graces,  
Whose first sight seen, all fell into embraces;  
Hugg'd her white hands, saluted, wishing all  
To wear her maiden flow'r in festival  
Of sacred Hymen, and to lead her home.  
All, to all admiration, overcome  
With Cytheræa with the violet crown.  
So to the black-brow'd-sweet-spoke, all renown;  
Prepare my song, and give me, in the end,  
The victory, to whose palm all contend.  
So shall my muse for ever honour thee,  
And, for thy sake, thy fair posterity.

## BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

Of Dionysus, noble Semele's son,  
I now intend to render mention:  
As on a prominent shore his person shone,  
Like to a youth whose flow'r was newly blown,  
Bright azure tresses play'd about his head,  
And on his bright broad shoulders was disspread  
A purple mantle. Straight he was descriy'd  
By certain manly pirates, that applied  
Their utmost speed to prize him, being aboard  
A well-built bark, about whose broad sides roar'd  
The wine-black Tyrrhene billows: death as black  
Brought them upon him in their future wreck.  
For soon as they had purchas'd but his view,  
Mutual signs past them, and ashore they flew;  
Took him, and brought him instantly aboard,  
Soothing their hopes, to have obtain'd a hoard  
Of riches with him; and a Jove-kept king  
To such a flow'r must needs be natural spring.  
And therefore-straight strong fetters they must fetch  
To make him sure. But no such strength would stretch  
To his constrain'd pow'rs. Far flew all their bands  
From any least force done his feet or hands.  
But he sat casting smiles from his black eyes  
At all their worst. At which discoveries

Made by the master he did thus dehort  
All his associates; "Wretches! of what sort  
Hold ye the person, ye assay to bind?  
Nay, which of all the pow'rfully-divin'd  
Esteem ye him? Whose worth yields so much weight,  
That not our well-built bark will bear his freight.  
Or Jove himself he is; or he that bears  
The silver bow; or Neptune. Nor appears  
In him the least resemblance of a man,  
But of a strain at least Olympian.  
Come! make we quick dismission of his state;  
And on the black-soil'd earth exonerate  
Our sinking vessel of his deified load,  
Nor dare the touch of an intangible god.  
Lest winds outrageous, and of wreckful scathe,  
And smoking tempests blow his fiery wrath."  
This well-spoke master the tall captain gave  
Hateful and horrible language: call'd him slave;  
And bade him mark the prosperous gale that blew,  
And how their vessel with her main-sail flew.  
Bade all take arms, and said, their works requir'd  
The cares of men, and not of an inspir'd  
Pure zealous master. His firm hopes being fir'd  
With this opinion, that they should arrive  
In Egypt straight; or Cyprus; or where live  
Men whose brave breaths above the north wind blow;  
Yea, and perhaps beyond their region too.  
And that he made no doubt, but in the end,  
To make his prisoner tell him every friend

Of all his offspring, brothers, wealth, and all;  
Since that prize, certain, must some god let fall.

This said, the mast and mainsail up he drew,  
And in the mainsail's midst a frank gale blew,  
When all his ship took arms to brave their prize.  
But straight, strange works appear'd to all their eyes:  
First, sweet wine through their swift-black bark did  
Of which the odours did a little blow; [flow,  
Their fiery spirits, making th' air so fine,  
That they in flood were there as well as wine.  
A mere immortal-making savour rose,  
Which on the air the deity did impose.  
The seamen see'ng all, admiration seir'd,  
Yet instantly their wonders were increas'd;  
For on the topsail there ran here and there,  
A vine that grapes did in abundance bear,  
And in an instant was the ship's mainmast  
With an obscure-green-ivy's arms embrac'd,  
That flourish'd straight, and were with berries grac'd;  
Of which did garlands circle every brow  
Of all the pirates, and no one knew how.  
Which when they saw, they made the master steer  
Out to the shore, whom Bacchus made forbear,  
With showing more wonders. On the hatches he  
Appear'd a terrible lion, horribly  
Roaring; and in the mid-deck, a male bear,  
Made with a huge mane: making all, for fear  
 Crowd to the stern, about the master there,  
Whose mind he still kept dauntless and sincere.

But on the captain rush'd and ramp'd, with force  
So rude and sudden, that his main recourse  
Was to the main-sea straight: and after him  
Leap'd all his mates, as trusting to their swim,  
To fly foul death. But so, found what they fled,  
Being all to dolphins metamorphosed.  
The master, he took ruth of, sav'd, and made  
The blessed'st man that ever tried his trade.  
These few words giving him: "Be confident,  
Thou God-inspir'd pilot! in the bent  
Of my affection, ready to requite  
Thy late-to-me-intended benefit.  
I am the roaring god of sprightly wine,  
Whom Semele (that did even Jove incline  
To amorous mixture, and was Cadmus' care)  
Made issue to the mighty thunderer."

And thus, all excellence of grace to thee,  
Son of sweet-count'nance-carry'ng Semele.  
I must not thee forget, in least degree;  
But pray thy spirit to render so my song,  
Sweet, and all ways in order'd fury strong.

## TO MARS.

MARS-most-strong, gold-helm'd, making chariots  
crack ;  
Never without a shield cast on thy back.  
Mind-master, town-guard, with darts never driven ;  
Strong-handed, all arms, fort, and fence of heaven ;  
Father of victory, with fair strokes given ;  
Joint surrogate of justice, lest she fall  
In unjust strifes, a tyrant ; general,  
Only of just men justly ; that dost bear  
Fortitude's sceptre. To heaven's fiery sphere  
Giver of circular motion, between  
That and the Pleiad's that still wand'ring been.  
Where thy still-vehemently-flaming horse  
About the third heaven make their fiery course :  
Helper of mortals, hear !—as thy fires give.  
The fair, and present boldnesses that strive  
In youth for honour, being the sweet-beam'd light  
That darts into their lives, from all thy height  
The fortitudes and fortunes found in fight.  
So would I likewise wish to have the pow'r  
To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,  
And that false fire, cast from my soul's low kind,  
Stoop to the fit rule of my highest mind.  
Controloing that so eager sting of wrath  
That stirs me on still to that horrid scathe

Of war, that God still sends to wreak his spleen  
(Even by whole tribes) of proud injurious men.

But O thou ever-blessed ! give me still  
Presence of mind to put in act my will, -  
Varied, as fits, to all occasion.  
And to live free, unforc'd, unwrought upon,  
Beneath those laws of peace that never are  
Affected with pollutions popular  
Of unjust hurt, or loss to any one ;  
And to bear safe the burthen undergone  
Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates,  
Secure from violent and harmful fates.

---

#### TO DIANA.

DIANA praise, Muse, that in darts delights,  
Lives still a maid, and had nutritial rights  
With her born-brother, the far-shooting Sun.  
That doth her all of gold-made-chariot run  
In chase of game, from Meles that abounds  
In black-brow'd bulrushes, (and where her hounds  
She first uncouples, joining there her horse,)  
Through Smyrna, carried in most fiery course  
To grape-rich Claros. Where (in his rich home  
And constant expectation she will come)

Sits Phoebus that the silver bow doth bear,  
To meet with Phoebe, that doth darts transfer  
As far as he his shafts. As far then be  
Thy chaste fame shot, O queen of archery!  
Sacrificing my song to every deity.

---

## TO VENUS.

To Cyprian Venus still my verses vow,  
Who gifts as sweet as honey doth bestow  
On all mortality; that ever smiles  
And rules a face that all foes reconciles.  
Ever sustaining in her hand a flow'r,  
That all desire keeps ever in her pow'r.

Hail, then, O queen of well-built Salamine,  
And all the state that Cyprus doth confine:  
Inform my song with that celestial fire  
That in thy beauties kindles all desire.  
So shall my muse for ever honour thee,  
And any other thou command'st to me.

## TO PALLAS.

PALLAS Minerva; only I begin  
To give my song, that makes war's terrible din :  
Is patroness of cities ; and with Mars  
Marshall'd in all the care and cure of wars :  
And in everted cities fights and cries.  
But never doth herself set down or rise  
Before a city, but at both times she  
All injur'd people sets on foot, and free.

Give, with thy war's force, fortune then to me ;  
And with thy wisdom's force, felicity.

---

## TO JUNO.

SATURNIA, and her throne of gold, I sing,  
That was of Rhæa the eternal spring,  
And empress of a beauty, never yet  
Equall'd in height of tincture. Of the great  
Saturnius (breaking air in awful noise),  
The far-fam'd wife and sister, whom in joys  
Of high Olympus all the blessed love ;  
And honour, equal, with unequall'd Jove.

## TO CERES.

THE rich-hair'd Ceres I assay to sing;  
A goddess, in whose grace the natural spring  
Of serious majesty itself is seen:  
And of the wedded, yet in grace still green,  
(Proserpina her daughter) that displays  
A beauty, casting every way her rays.

All honour to thee, goddess, keep this town;  
And take thou chief charge of my song's renown.

---

TO THE  
MOTHER OF THE GODS.

MOTHER of all; both gods, and men, commend,  
O Muse, whose fair form did from Jove descend;  
That doth with cymbal sounds delight her life,  
And tremulous divisions of the fife.  
Loves dreadful lions' roars, and wolves' hoarse howls,  
Sylvan retreats; and hills, whose hollow knolls,  
Raise percussive sounds about her ears.  
And so may honour ever crown thy years  
With all-else goddesses, and ever be  
Exalted in the Muse's harmony.

## TO LION-HEARTED HERCULES.

ALCIDES forcefulest of all the brood  
Of men, enforc'd with need of earthy food,  
My muse shall memorise the son of Jove ;  
Whom, in fair-seated Thebes (commix'd in love  
With great heaven's sable-cloud-assembling state)  
Alcmena bore to him. And who in date  
Of days forepast, through all the sea was sent,  
And Earth's inenarrable continent,  
To acts that king Eurystheus had decreed.  
Did many a petulant and imperious deed  
Himself, and therefore suffer'd many a toil ;  
Yet now inhabits the illustrious soil  
Of white Olympus, and delights his life  
With still young Hebe, his well-ankled wife.

Hail, king ! and son of Jove ; vouchsafe thou me  
Virtue, and her effect, felicity.

---

## TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

WITH Æsculapius, the physician,  
That cur'd all sickness, and was Phoebus' son  
My muse, makes entry ; to whose life gave yield  
Divine Coronis in the Dotian field,

(King Phlegius' daughter) who much joy on men  
Conferr'd, in dear ease of their irksome pain.  
For which, my salutation worthy, king,  
And vows to thee paid, ever when I sing.

---

#### TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

CASTOR and Pollux, the Tyndarides,  
Sweet Muse illustrate; that their essences  
Fetch from the high forms of Olympian Jove,  
And were the fair fruits of bright Leda's love.  
Which she produc'd beneath the sacred shade  
Of steep Taygetus; being subdu'd, and made  
To serve th' affections of the Thunderer.  
And so all grace to you, whom all aver,  
(For skill in horses, and their manage given)  
To be the bravest horsemen under heaven.

---

#### TO MERCURY.

HERMES I honour, the Cyllenian spy,  
King of Cyllenia and of Arcady,  
With flocks abounding: and the messenger  
Of all th' immortals, that doth still infer  
Profits of infinite value to their store,  
Whom to Saturnius bashful Maia bore;

Daughter of Atlas; and did therefore fly  
Of all th' immortals the society,  
To that dark cave; where, in the dead of night,  
Jove join'd with her in love's divine delight;  
When golden sleep shut Juno's jealous eye,  
Whose arms had wrists as white as ivory,  
From whom, and all, both men and gods beside,  
The fair hair'd nymph her 'scape kept undescry'd.

Joy to the Jove-got then, and Maia's care,  
"Twixt men and gods, the general messenger:  
Giver of good grace, gladness, and the flood  
Of all that men or gods account their good.

---

## TO PAN.

SINC, Muse, this chief of Hermes' love-got joys;  
Goat-footed, two-horn'd, amorous of noise.  
That through the fair-greens, all adorn'd with trees,  
Together goes, with nymphs, whose nimble knees  
Can every dance foot, that affect to scale  
The most inaccessible tops of all  
Uprightest rocks; and ever use to call  
On Pan, the bright-hair'd god of pastoral.  
Who yet is lean and loveless, and doth owe  
By lot, all loftiest mountains crown'd with snow;

All tops of hills, and cliffy highnesses:  
All silvan coves, and the fortresses  
Of thorniest queaches here and there doth rove.  
And sometimes, by allurement of his love,  
Will wade the wat'ry softnesses. Sometimes  
(In quite oppos'd *espriccios*) he climbs  
The hardest rocks, and highest; every way  
Running their ridges. Often will convey  
Himself up to a watch-tow'r's top, where sheep  
Have their observance: oft through hills as steep  
His goats he runs upon, and never rests.  
Then turns he head, and flies on savage beasts,  
Mad of their slaughters. So most sharp an eye  
Setting upon them, as his beams let fly  
Through all their thickest tapestries. And then  
(When Hesp'rus calls to fold the flocks of men)  
From the green clossets of his loftiest reeds  
He rushes forth; and joy, with song, he feeds.  
When, under shadow of their motions set,  
He plays a verse forth so profoundly sweet,  
As not the bird that in the flow'ry spring,  
Amidst the leaves set, makes the thickets ring  
Of her sour sorrows, sweetened with her song,  
Runs her divisions varied so and strong.  
And then the sweet-voic'd nymphs that crown his  
mountains,  
(Flock'd round about the deep-black-water'd foun-  
tains)  
Fall in with their contention of song.  
To which the echoes all the hills along

Their repercussions add. Then here and there  
(Plac'd in the midst) the god the guide doth bear  
Of all their dances, winding in and out.  
A lynxes hide, besprinkled round about  
With blood, cast on his shoulders. And thus he  
With well-made songs, maintains th' alaority  
Of his free mind, in silken meadows crown'd  
With hyacinths and saffrons, that abound  
In sweet-breath'd odours ; that th' unnumber'd grass  
(Besides their scents) give as through all they pass.  
And these, in all their pleasures, ever raise  
The blessed gods and long Olympus praise :  
Like zealous Hermes, who of all I said  
Most profits up, to all the gods convey'd.  
Who, likewise, came into th' Arcadian state ;  
(That's rich in fountains, and all celebrate  
For nurse of flocks) where he had vow'd a grove  
(Surnam'd Cyllenius) to his godhead's love.  
Yet even himself (although a god he were  
Clad in a squallid sheepskin) govern'd there  
A mortal's sheep. For soft love ent'ring him,  
Conform'd his state to his conceited trimm.  
And made him long, in an extreme degree,  
To enjoy the fair-hair'd virgin Dryope.  
Which, ere he could, she made him consummate  
The flourishing rite of Hymen's honour'd state.  
And brought him such a piece of progeny,  
As show'd, at first sight, monstrous to the eye ;  
Goat-footed, two-horn'd, full of noise even then ;  
And (opposite to other children)

Told, in sweet laughter, he ought death no tear.  
Yet straight his mother start, and fled in fear  
The sight of so unsatisfying a thing;  
In whose face put forth such a bristled spring.  
Yet the most useful Mercury embrac'd,  
And took into his arms his homely-fac'd,  
Beyond all measure joyful with his sight;  
And up to heaven with him made instant flight,  
Wrapp'd in the warm skin of a mountain hare,  
Set him by Jove; and made most merry fare  
To all the deities else, with his son's sight;  
Which, most of all, fill'd Bacchus with delight,  
And Pan they call'd him, since he brought to all,  
Of mirth so rare and full a festival.

And thus all honour to the shepherd's king,  
For sacrifice to thee, my muse shall sing.

---

#### TO VULCAN.

PRAISE Vulcan, now muse; whom fame gives the  
prize  
For depth and facture, of all forge devise;  
Who, with the sky-ey'd Pallas, first did give  
Men rules of buildings, that before did live  
In caves and dens, and hills, like savage beasts:  
But now, by art-fam'd Vulcan's interests

In all their civil industries, ways clear  
Through th' all-things-bringing-to-their-ends, the year  
They work out to their ages' ends; at ease  
Lodg'd in safe roofs from Winter's utmost prease.

But, Vulcan, stand propitious to me;  
Virtue safe, granting, and felicity.

---

#### TO PHŒBUS.

O PHŒBUS! even the swan from forth her wings,  
Jumping her proyning-bank, thee sweetly sings,  
By bright Peneus' whirl-pit-making-streams.  
Thee, that thy lute mak'st sound so to thy beams;  
Thee, first and last, the sweet-voic'd singer, still  
Sings; for thy songs-all-songs-transcending skill.

Thy pleasure then shall my song still supply,  
And so salutes thee, king of poesy.

---

#### TO NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE, the mighty marine god, I sing;  
Earth's mover, and the fruitless ocean's king.  
That Helicon and th' *Æ*gean deeps dost hold.  
O thou earth-shaker; thy command, two-fold

The gods have sorted ; making thee of horses  
The awful tamer, and of naval forces  
The sure preserver. Hail, O Saturn's birth !  
Whose graceful green hair circles all the earth.  
Bear a benign mind ; and thy helpful hand  
Lend all, submitted to thy dread command.

---

## TO JOVE.

Jove, now I sing ; the greatest and the best  
Of all these pow'rs that are with deity blest.  
That far-off doth his dreadful voice diffuse ;  
And being king of all, doth all conduce  
To all their ends. Who (shut from all gods else  
With Themis, that the laws of all things tells),  
Their fit composure to their times doth call ;  
Weds them together, and preserves this all.

Grace then, O far-heard Jove, the grace thou'st given ;  
Most glorious, and most great of earth and heaven.

---

## TO VESTA.

VESTA, that as a servant oversees  
King Phœbus' hallow'd house, in all degrees  
Of guide about it, on the sacred shore  
Of heavenly Pythos : and hast evermore

Rich balms distilling from thy odorous hair;  
Grace this house with thy housewifely repair.  
Enter, and bring a mind that most may move,  
Conferring even the great in counsels, Jove:  
And let my verse taste of your either's love.

---

TO THE

## MUSES AND APOLLO.

THE Muses, Jove and Phoebus, now I sing;  
For from the far-off-shooting Phoebus spring  
All poets and musicians; and from Jove  
Th' ascents of kings. The man the Muses love,  
Felicity blesses; elocution's choice  
In syrup lay'ng, of sweetest breath, his voice.

Hail, seed of Jove, my song, your honours give;  
And so, in mine, shall yours and others' live.

---

## TO BACCHUS.

Ivy-crown'd Bacchus, iterate in thy praises,  
O Muse, whose voice all loftiest echoes raises;  
And he, with all th' illustrious seed of Jove,  
Is join'd in honour; being the fruit of love  
To him, and Semele-the-great-in-graces:  
And from the king his father's kind embraces,

By fair-hair'd nymphs was taken to the dales  
Of Nyssa; and with curious festivals  
Given his fair wrought, far from his father's view,  
In caves from whence eternal odours flew.  
And in high number of the deities plac'd;  
Yet when the many-hymn-given god had past  
His nurse's cares, in ivies and in bays  
All over thicketed; his varied ways  
To sylvan coverts evermore he took,  
With all his nurses, whose shrill voices shook  
Thickets, in which could no foot's entry fall;  
And he himself made captain of them all.

And so, O grape-abounding Bacchus, be  
Ever saluted by my Muse and me.  
Give us to spend with spirit our hours out here;  
And every hour extend to many a year.

---

#### TO DIANA.

DIANA, that the golden spindle moves,  
And lofty sounds, as well as Bacchus loves  
A bashful virgin, and of fearful hearts  
The death-affecter with delighted darts;  
By sire, and mother, Phoebus' sister borne,  
Whose thigh the golden falchion doth adorn,  
I sing; who likewise over hills of shade  
And promontories that vast winds invade,

---

Amorous of hunting, bends her all-gold bow,  
And sigh-begetting arrows doth bestow  
In fates so dreadful that the hill-tops quake,  
And bristled woods their leafy foreheads shake ;  
Horrors invade earth ; and fishy seas  
Impassion'd furies ; nothing can appease  
The dying brays of beasts ; and her delight  
In so much death, affects so with affright,  
Even all inanimate natures. For while she  
Her sports applies, their general progeny  
She all ways turns upon to all their banes :  
Yet when her fiery pleasures find their wanes,  
Her yielding bow unbent, to th' ample house,  
Seated in Delphos, rich and populous,  
Of her dear brother, her retreats advance.  
Where th' instauratior of delightsome dance  
Amongst the Muses and the Graces she  
Gives form, in which herself the regency  
(Her unbent bow hung up ; and casting on  
A gracious robe) assumes ; and first sets gone  
The dances entry, to which all send forth  
Their heavenly voices, and advance the worth  
Of her fair-ankled mother ; since to light  
She children brought, the far most exquisite  
In counsels and performances of all  
The goddesses that grace the heavenly hall.

Hail then, Latona's fair-hair'd seed, and Jove's ;  
My song shall ever call to mind your loves.

## TO PALLAS.

PALLAS-Minerva's deity, the renown'd :  
My Muse in her variety must resound ;  
Mighty in councils ; whose illustr'ous eyes  
In all resemblance represent the skies.  
A reverend maid of an inflexible mind ;  
In spirit and person strong, of triple kind ;  
Fautress of cities, that just laws maintain ;  
Of Jove-the-great-in-councils, very brain  
Took prime existence : his unbounded brows  
Could not contain her, such impetuous throes  
Her birth gave way to, that abroad she flew,  
And stood, in gold arm'd, in her father's view,  
Shaking her sharp lance : all Olympus shook  
So terribly beneath her, that it took  
Up in amazes all the deities there.  
All earth resounded with vociferous fear.  
The sea was put up, all in purple waves,  
And settled suddenly her rudest raves.  
Hyperion's radiant son his swift-hoof'd steeds  
A mighty time stay'd, till her arming weeds,  
As glorious as the gods, the blue-ey'd maid  
Took from her deathless shoulders : but then stay'd  
All these distempers ; and heaven's counsellor, Jove,  
Rejoic'd that all things else his stay could move.

So I salute thee still ; and still in praise  
Thy fame, and others, shall my memory raise.

## TO VESTA AND MERCURY.

VESTA I sing, who, in bequest of fate,  
Art sorted out an everlasting state  
In all th' immortals' high-built roofs, and all  
Those of earth-dwelling men, as general  
And ancient honours given thee for thy gift  
Of free-liv'd chastity, and precious thrift.  
Nor can there amongst mortals banquets be,  
In which, both first and last, they give not thee  
Their endless gratitudes in pour'd-out wine,  
As gracious sacrifice to thy divine  
And useful virtues; being invok'd by all,  
Before the least taste of their festival  
In wine or food affect their appetites.  
And thou, that of th' adorn'd-with-all-delights,  
Art the most useful angel: born a god  
Of Jove and Maia; of heaven's golden rod  
The sole sustainer; and hast pow'r to bless  
With all good, all men (great Argicides)  
Inhabit all good houses; see'ng no wants  
Of mutual minds' love in th' inhabitants.  
Join in kind blessing with the bashful maid  
And all-lov'd virgin, Vesta; either's aid  
Combin'd in every hospitable house:  
Both being best seen in all the gracious  
House-works of mortals. Jointly follow then  
Even from their youths, the minds of dames and men.

Hail then, old daughter of the oldest god,  
And thou great bearer of Heaven's golden rod !  
Yet not to you alone my vows belong ;  
Others as well claim th' homage of my song.

---

TO

## EARTH, THE MOTHER OF ALL.

MOTHER of all things, the well-founded Earth,  
My Muse shall memorize ; who all the birth  
Gives food that all her upper regions breed ;  
All that in her divine diffusions feed  
In under continents : all those that live  
In all the seas ; and all the air doth give  
Wing'd expeditions ; of thy bounties eat,  
Fair children, and fair fruits, thy labour's sweat ;  
(O great in reverence) and referr'd to thee,  
For life and death is all the pedigree  
Of mortal humans. Happy then is he  
Whom the innate propensions of thy mind  
Stand bent to honour. He shall all things find  
In all abundance ; all his pastures yield  
Herds in all plenties ; all his roofs are fill'd  
With rich possessions : he, in all the sway  
Of laws best order'd, cuts out his own way  
In cities shining with delicious dames ;  
And takes his choice of all those striving flames.

High happiness and riches, like his train,  
Follow his fortunes, with delights that reign  
In all their princes. Glory invests his sons ;  
His daughters, with their crown'd selections  
Of all the city, frolic through the meads ;  
And every one her call'd-for dances treads  
Along the soft-flow'r of the clover grass.  
All this, with all those, ever comes to pass,  
That thy love blesses, goddess full of grace,  
And treasurous angel t' all the human race.

Hail, then, great mother of the deified kind ;  
Wife to the cope of stars ! sustain a mind  
Propitious to me for my praise, and give  
(Answering my mind) my vows fit means to live.

---

## TO THE SUN.

THE radiant Sun's divine renown diffuse,  
Jove's daughter, great Calliope, my muse,  
Whom ox-ey'd Euryphaëssa gave birth  
To the bright seed of starry heaven and earth.  
For the far-fam'd Hyperion took to wife  
His sister Euryphaëssa, that life  
Of his high race gave to these lovely three ;  
Aurora, with the rosy-wrists, and she  
That owns th' enamouring tresses (the bright moon)  
Together with the never-wearied sun.

Who (his horse mounting) gives both mortals light  
And all th'immortals. Even to horror bright  
A blaze burns from his golden burgonet,  
Which to behold exceeds the sharpest set  
Of any eyes intention: beams so clear  
It all ways pours abroad. The glorious cheer  
Of his far-shining face, up to his crown,  
Casts circular radiance that comes streaming down  
About his temples; his bright cheeks, and all  
Retaining the resplendence of their fall.  
About his bosom flows so fine a weed  
As doth the thinness of the wind exceed  
In rich context, beneath whose deep folds fly  
His masculine horses round about the sky,  
Till in this hemisphere he renders stay  
T' his gold-yok'd coach and coursers; and his way,  
Let down by heaven, the heavenly coachman makes  
Down to the ocean, where his rest he takes.

My salutations then, fair king, receive,  
And in propitious returns relieve  
My life with mind-fit means; and then from thee,  
And all the race of complete deity,  
My song shall celebrate those half-god states,  
That yet sad death's condition circulates.  
And whose brave acts the gods shew men that they  
As brave may aim at, since they can but die.

## TO THE MOON.

THE Moon, now, Muses, teach me to resound,  
 Whose wide wings measure such a world of ground.  
 Jove's daughter, deck'd with the mellifluous tongue,  
 And seen in all the sacred art of song.  
 Whose deathless brows when she from heaven  
 All earth she wraps up in her orient rays. [displays,  
 A heaven of ornament in earth is rais'd  
 When her beams rise. The subtle air is sais'd  
 Of delicate splendour from her crown of gold ;  
 And when her silver bosom is extoll'd,  
 Wash'd in the ocean, in day's equall'd noon  
 Is midnight seated: but when she puts on  
 Her far-off-sprinkling-lustre-evening weeds,  
 (The month in two cut her high-breasted steeds,  
 Man'd all with curl'd flames ; put in coach and all,  
 Her huge orb fill'd,) her whole trimms then exhale  
 Unspeakable splendours from the glorious sky.  
 And out of that state mortal men imply  
 Many predictions. And with her then,  
 In love mix'd, lay the king of gods and men ;  
 By whom, made fruitful, she Pandæa bore,  
 And added her state to th' immortal store.  
 Hail, queen, and goddess, th' ivory-wristed moon  
 Divine, prompt, fair-hair'd. With thy grace begun,  
 My Muse shall forth, and celebrate the praise  
 Of men whose states the deities did raise  
 To semi-deities ; whose deeds t' endless date  
 Muse-lov'd and sweet-sung poets celebrate.

## TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Jovr's fair sons, father'd by th' Oebalian king,  
 Muses-well-worth-all men's beholdings sing :  
 The dear birth that bright-ankl'd Leda bore ;  
 Horse-taming Castor ; and the conqueror  
 Of tooth-tongu'd Momus (Poltux), whom beneath  
 Steep-brow'd Taygetus she gave half-god breath,  
 In love mix'd with the black-clouds king of heaven ;  
 Who, both of men and ships, being tempest driven,  
 When Winter's wrathful empire is in force  
 Upon th' implacable seas, preserve the course.  
 For when the gusts begin, if near the shore,  
 The seamen leave their ship ; and evermore  
 Bearing two milk-white lambs aboard, they now  
 Kill them ashore, and to Jove's issue vow,  
 When, though their ship in height of all the roar  
 The winds and waves confound, can live no more  
 In all their hopes ; then suddenly appear  
 Jove's saving sons, who both their bodies bear  
 'Twixt yellow wings, down from the sparkling pole.  
 Who straight the rage of those rude winds control,  
 And all the high-waves couch into the breast  
 Of th' hoary seas. All which sweet signs of rest  
 To seamen's labours their glad souls conceive,  
 And end to all their irksome grievance give.

So, once more, to the swift-horse-riding race  
 Of royal Tyndarus, eternal grace.

## TO MEN OF HOSPITALITY.

REVERENCE a man, with use propitious,  
That hospitable rights wants; and a house  
(You of this city with the seat of state  
To ox-ey'd Juno vow'd) yet situate  
Near Pluto's region. At the extreme base  
Of whose so high-hair'd city, from the race  
Of blue-wav'd Hebrus lovely fluent, grac'd  
With Jove's begetting, you divine cups taste.

Of glorious empire, and whose bright sides  
Sacred Meletus' silver current glides,  
Being native seat to me. Which, in the force  
Of far-past time, the breakers of wild horse,  
Phriconia's noble nation, girt with tow'rs;  
Whose youth in fight put on with fiery pow'rs.  
From hence, the muse-maids, Jove's illustr'ous seed  
Impelling me, I made impetuous speed;  
And went with them to Cuma, with intent  
To eternize all the sacred continent  
And state of Cuma. They, in proud ascent  
From off their bench, refus'd with usage fierce  
The sacred voice which I aver, is verse.  
Their follies yet, and madness borne by me,  
Shall by some pow'r be thought on futurely;  
To wreak of him whoever, whose tongue sought  
With false impair, my fall. What fate God brought  
Upon my birth I'll bear with any pain,  
But undeserv'd defame, unfelt, sustain.  
Nor feels my person (dear to me though poor),  
Any great lust to linger any more  
In Cuma's holy highways; but my mind  
(No thought impair'd, for cares of any kind  
Borne in my body) rather vows to try  
The influence of any other sky  
And spirits of people, bred in any land,  
Of ne'er-so slender and obscure command.

---

AN

## ESSAY OF HIS BEGUN ILIADS.

ILION, and all the brave-horse-breeding soil,  
Dardania, I sing; that many a toil  
Impos'd upon the mighty Grecian pow'rs,  
Who were of Mars the manly servitours.

---

TO THESTOR'S SON<sup>1</sup>;

## INQUISITIVE OF HOMER ABOUT THE CAUSES OF THINGS.

THESTORIDES! of all the skills unknown  
To errant mortals, there remains not one  
Of more inscrutable affair to find  
Than is the true state of a human mind.

<sup>1</sup> Homer intimated in this his answer to Thestorides, a will to have him learn the knowledge of himself, before he inquired so curiously the causes of other things. And from hence had the great peripatetic, Themistius, his most grave epithoneme, *Anima que seipsam ignorat, quid sciret ipsa de aliis?* And therefore, according to Aristotle, advises all philosophical students to begin with that study.

## TO NEPTUNE.

HEAR, pow'rful Neptune, that shak'st earth in ire ;  
King of the great green, where dance all the quire  
Of fair-hair'd Helicon ; give prosperous gales,  
And good pass, to these guiders of our sails :  
Their voyage rend'ring happily directed,  
And their return with no ill fate affected.  
Grant likewise at rough Mimas' lowest roots,  
Whose strength, up to her tops, prærupt rocks shoots  
My passage safe arrival ; and that I  
My bashful disposition may apply  
To pious men, and wreak myself upon  
The man whose verbal circumvention  
In me did wrong, t' hospitious Jove's whole state,  
And t' hospitable table violate.

---

## TO THE CITY ERYTHRÆA.

WORSHIPFUL Earth, giver of all things good !  
Giver of even felicity ; whose flood  
The mind all-over steeps in honeydew.  
That, to some men, dost infinite kindness shew ;  
To others that despise thee, art a shrew.  
And giv'st them gamester's galls ; who once their main  
Lost with an ill chance, fare like abjects slain.

## TO MARINERS.

Ye wave-trod watermen, as ill as she  
That all the earth in infelicity  
Of rapine plunges. Who upon your fare  
As starv'd-like-ravenous, as cormorants are.  
The lives ye lead, but in the worst degree,  
Not to be envied more than misery.  
Take shame, and fear the indignation  
Of him that thunders from the highest throne,  
Hospitious Jove, who, at the back, prepares  
Pains of abhor'd effect of him that dares  
The pieties break of his hospitious squares.

---

## THE PINE.

ANY tree else bears better fruit than thee  
That Ida's tops sustain, where every tree  
Bears up in air such perspirable heights,  
And in which caves and sinuous receipts  
Creep in such great abundance. For about  
Thy roots, that ever all thy fruits put out,  
As nourish'd by them, equal with thy fruits,  
Pour Mars his iron-mines their accus'd pursuits.  
So that when any earth-encroaching man  
Of all the martial brood Cebrenian  
Plead need of iron, they are certain still  
About thy roots to satiate every will.

## TO GLAUCUS;

WHO WAS SO MISERABLY SPARING, THAT HE FEARED  
ALL MEN'S ACCESS TO HIM.

GLAUCUS! though wise enough, yet one word more;  
Let my advice add to thy wisdom's store,  
For 'twill be better so. Before thy door  
Give still thy mastiffs meat; that will be sure  
To lie there, therefore, still; and not endure,  
(With waylaid ears) the softest foot can fall;  
But men and beasts make fly thee and thy stall.

---

AGAINST THE  
SAMIAN MINISTRESS, OR NUN.

HEAR me, O goddess, that invoke thine ear:  
Thou that dost feed and form the youthful year.  
And grant that this dame may the loves refuse,  
And beds of young men; and affect to use  
Humans whose temples hoary hairs distain;  
Whose pow'rs are passing coy; whose wills would  
fain.

WRITTEN ON  
THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Of men, sons are the crowns of cities' tow'rs;  
Of pastures, horse, are the most beauteous flow'rs;  
Of seas, ships are the grace; and money still  
With trains and titles doth the family fill.  
But royal counsellors, in council set,  
Are ornaments past all, as clearly great,  
As houses are that shining fires enfold,  
Superior far to houses nak'd and cold.

---

THE FURNACE  
CALLED IN TO SING, BY POTTERS.

If ye deal freely, O my fiery friends,  
As ye assure, I'll sing, and serve your ends.  
Pallas, vouchsafe thou here, invok'd access;  
Impose thy hand upon this forge, and bless  
All cups these artists earn so, that they may  
Look black still with their depth; and every way  
Give all their vessels a most sacred sale.  
Make all well burn'd; and estimation call  
Up to their prices. Let them market well,  
And in all highways in abundance sell;  
Till riches to their utmost wish arise,  
And as thou mak'st them rich, so make me wise.

But if ye now turn all to impudence,  
And think to pay with lies my patience ;  
Then will I summon 'gainst your furnace all  
Hell's harmfull'st spirits ; Maragus I'll call,  
Sabactes, Asbett, and Omadamus,  
Who ills against your art innumorous  
Excoxitates, supplies, and multiplies.  
Come, Pallas, then, and all command to rise :  
Infesting forge and house with fire, till all  
Tumble together, and to ashes fall :  
These potters selves dissolv'd in tears as small.  
And as a horse-cheek chides his foaming bit,  
So let this forge murmur in fire and fit,  
And all this stuff to ashy ruins run.  
And thou, O Circe, daughter of the Sun,  
Great-many-poison mixer ; come, and pour  
Thy cruell'st poisons on this potter's floor ;  
Shivering their vessels ; and themselves affect  
With all the mischiefs possible to direct  
'Gainst all their beings, urg'd by all thy fiends.  
Let Chiron likewise come ; and all those friends  
(The Centaurs) that Alcides' fingers fled,  
And all the rest too that his hand struck dead,  
Their ghosts excited ; come and macerate  
These earthen men ; and yet with further fate  
Affect their furnace ; all their tear-burst eyes  
Seeing and mourning for their miseries,  
While I look on and laugh their blasted art,  
And them to ruin. Lastly ; if apart,

Any lies lurking, and sees yet, his face  
Into a coal, let th' angry fire embrace,  
That all may learn by them, in all their lust,  
To dare deeds great, to see them great and just.

---

### EIRESIONE; OR, THE OLIVE BRANCH.

THE turrets of a man of infinite might,  
Of infinite action, substance infinite,  
We make access to; whose whole being rebounds  
From earth to heaven, and nought but bliss resounds.  
Give entry then, ye doors; more riches yet  
Shall enter with me; all the graces met  
In joy of their fruition, perfect peace  
Confirming all; all crown'd with such increase,  
That every empty vessel in your house  
May stand replete, with all things precious.  
Elaborate Ceres, may your larders fill  
With all dear delicates, and serve in still.  
May, for your son, a wife make wish'd approach  
Into your tow'rs; and rapt in, in her coach  
With strong-kneed mules. May yet her state prove  
staid,  
With honour'd housewiferies: her fair hand laid  
To artful loomworks; and her nak'd feet tread  
The gum of amber to a golden bead.

But I'll return ; return, and yet not press  
Your bounties now assay'd with oft access,  
Once a year only, as the swallow prates  
Before the wealthy Spring's wide open gates.

Meantime I stand at yours: nor purpose stay  
More time t' entreat. Give, or not give, away  
My feet shall bear me; that did never come,  
With any thought, to make your house my home.

---

TO

## CERTAIN FISHER BOYS

PLEASING HIM WITH INGENIOUS RIDDLES.

YET from the bloods, even of your-self-like sires,  
Are you descended, that could make ye heirs  
To no huge hoards of coin; nor leave ye able  
To feed flocks of innumerable rabble.

THE END OF ALL THE ENDLESS WORKS OF HOMER.

THE  
**TRANSLATOR'S EPILOGUE\*.**

*The work that I was born to do is done!  
Glory to him that the conclusion  
Makes the beginning of my life: and never  
Let me be said to live, till I live ever.*

*Where's the outliving of my fortunes then,  
Ye errant vapours of Fame's Lernean fen?  
That, like possess'd storms, blast all, not in herd  
With your abhorr'd heads: who, because cashier'd  
By men, for monsters; think men, monsters all,  
That are not of your pied Hood and your Hall.  
When you are nothing but the scum of things,  
And must be cast off; drones, that have no stings,  
Nor any more soul than a stone hath wings.*

*Avaunt, ye hags, your hates and scandals are  
The crowns and comforts of a good man's care;  
By whose impartial perpendicular,  
All is extuberance, and excretion all,  
That you your ornaments and glories call.*

\* This title is added by the present Editor.

*Your wry mouths censure right? your blister'd tongues,  
That tick but itches? and whose ulcerous lungs  
Come up at all things permanent and sound.  
O you, like flies in dregs, in humours drown'd,  
Your loves, like atoms, lost in gloomy air,  
I would not retrieve with a wither'd hair.  
Hate, and cast still your stings then, for your kisses  
Betray but truth; and your applauds are kisses.*

*To see our supercilious wizards frown,  
Their faces fall'n like fogs, and coming down,  
Stinking the sun out, make me shine the more;  
And like a check'd flood bear above the shore,  
That their profane opinions fain would set  
To what they see not, know not, nor can let.  
Yet then our learn'd men with their torrents come  
Roaring from their forc'd hills, all crown'd with foam,  
That one not taught like them, should learn to know  
Their Greek roots, and from thence the groves that grow,  
Casting such rich shades from great Homer's wings,  
That first and last command the Muse's springs.  
Though he's best scholar, that through pains and vows,  
Made his own master only, all things knows.  
Nor pleads my poor skill, form, or learned place;  
But dauntless labour, constant prayer, and grace.  
And what's all their skill, but vast varied reading?  
As if broad-beaten highways had the leading  
To truths abstract, and narrow path, and pit;  
Found in no walk of any worldly wit.*

*And without truth, all's only sleight of hand,  
Or our law-learning in a foreign land ;  
Embroidery spent on cobwebs, braggart show  
Of men that all things learn, and nothing know.  
For ostentation humble truth still flies,  
And all confederate fashionists defies.*

*And as some sharp-brow'd doctor, English born,  
In much learn'd Latin idioms can adorn  
A verse with rare attractions, yet become  
His English Muse, like an Arachnean loom,  
Wrought spite of Pallas ; and therein bewrays  
More tongue than truth ; begs, and adopts his bays.  
So ostentation, be he never so  
Larded with labour to suborn his shew,  
Shall sooth within him but a bastard soul,*

- *No more heaven heiring than Earth's son the mole.  
But as in dead calms, emptiest smokes arise,  
Uncheck'd and free, up straight into the skies,  
So drowsy peace, that in her humour steepes  
All she affects, lets such rise while she sleeps.  
Many, and most men, have of wealth least store,  
But none the gracious shame that fits the poor ;  
So most learn'd men enough are ignorant,  
But few the grace have to confess their want,  
Till lives and learnings come concomitant.  
For from men's knowledges their lives'-acts flow ;  
Vainglorious acts then, vain prove all they know.  
As night the life-inclining stars best shews,  
So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose.*

*For me, let just men judge by what I show  
 In acts expos'd, how much I err or know ;  
 And let not envy make all worse than nought,  
 With her mere headstrong and quite brainless thought :  
 Others, for doing nothing, giving all ;  
 And bounding all worth in her bursten gall.*

*God and my dear Redeemer, rescue me  
 From men's immane and mad impiety ;  
 And by my life and soul (sole known to them )  
 Make me of palm, or yew, an anadem.  
 And so, my sole God, the thrice sacred Trine,  
 Bear all th' ascription of all me and mine.*

Supplico tibi Domine, pater et dux rationis nostræ ;  
 ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur, qua tu nos ornasti ;  
 et ut tu nobis prestò sis, ut iis qui per sese moventur ;  
 ut et à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum  
 repurgemur ; eosque superemus, atque regamus ; et,  
 sicut decet ; pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde,  
 ut nobis adiuneto sis ; ad accuratam rationis nostræ  
 correctionem ; et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè  
 sunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori sup-  
 plesse oro ; ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum, caliginem  
 prorsus abstergas ; ut norimus bene, qui Deus, aut  
 mortalis habendus. *Amen* \*.

*Sine honore vivam, nulloque numero ero.*

*\* The foregoing prayer is also to be found at the end of Chapman's translation of the Iliad, with the following introduction. EDITOR.—“ But where our most diligent Spon-  
danus ends his work with a prayer, to be taken out of these  
meanders and Euripian rivers (as he terms them) of Ethnic  
and Profane writers, being quite contrary to himself at the  
beginning, I thrice humbly beseech the most dear and most  
divine Mercy, ever most incomparably preferring the great  
light of his truth in his direct and infallible Scriptures, I  
may ever be enabled by resting wondering in his right com-  
fortable shadows in these, to magnify the clearness of his  
almighty appearance in the other.*

*“ And with this salutation of poesy, given by our Spon-  
danus in his preface to these Iliads, ‘ All-hail, saint sacred  
Poesy, that under so much gall of fiction, such abundance of  
honey-doctrine hast hidden, not revealing them to the un-  
worthy worldly, wouldest thou but so much make me, that  
amongst thy novices I might be numbered, no time should  
ever come near my life, that could make me forsake thee.’—  
I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer learned  
of the most learned Simplicius.”*



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END OF THE TRANSLATIONS.

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**TWO ORIGINAL  
POETICAL HYMNS.**

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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Two Copies of the following Hymns have been collated for the present edition, in one of which some literal errors appear to have been corrected while at press. The Editor is obliged to a liberal and learned friend for the use of one of these Copies, and regrets that he is not permitted to name him on this occasion, but cannot refrain from offering him his most cordial thanks.

Σκία νυκτὸς.

THE SHADOW  
OF NIGHT: CONTAINING  
TWO POETICAL HYMNES

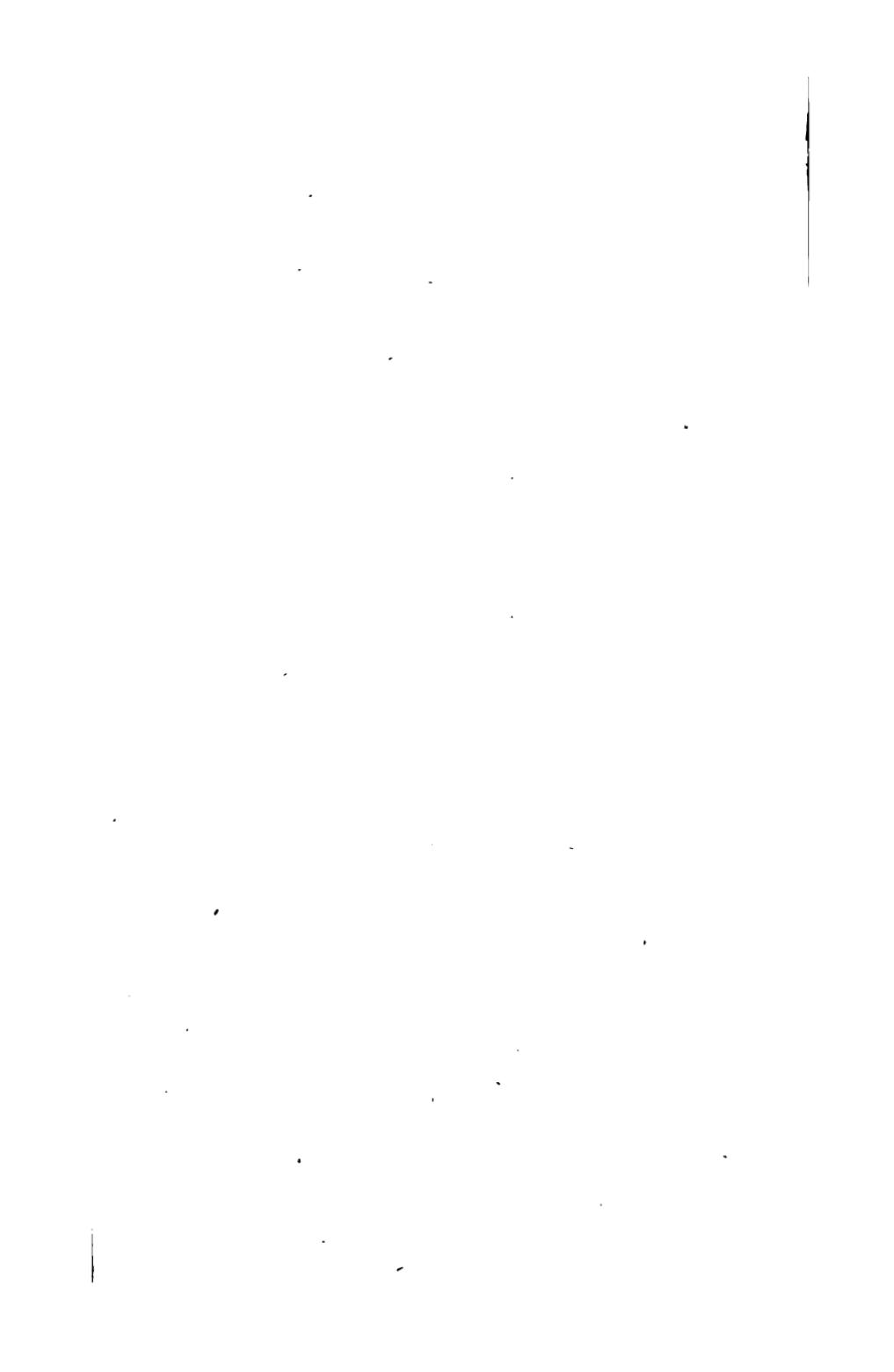
Deuised by *G. C. Gent.*

*Versus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis.*

Antilo.



AT LONDON,  
Printed by *R. F.* for *William Ponsonby.*  
1594.



TO MY DEARE AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND

MASTER MATHEW ROYDON.

---

IT is an exceeding rapture of delight in the deepe search of knowledge (none knoweth better than thyselfe sweet Mathew) that maketh men manfully indure th' extremes incident to that Herculean labour: from flints must the *Gorgonean* fount be smitten. Men must be shod by Mercurie, girt with Saturne's Adamantine sword, take the shield from Pallas, the helme from Pluto, and have the eyes of Graea (as Hesiodus' armes Perseus against Medusa) before they can cut off the viperous head of benumming ignorance, or subdue their monstrous affections to most beautifull judgement.

How then may a man stay his marvailing to see passion-driven men, reading but to curtoil a tedious houre, and altogether hidebownd with affection to great men's fancies, take upon them as killing censures as if they were judgment's Butchers, or as if the life of truth lay tottering in their verdicts.

Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to thinke skil so mightilie pierst with their lones, that she should prostitutive shew them her secrets, when she will scarcely be lookt upon by others but with invocation, fasting,

watching ; yea not without having drops of their soules like an heavenly familiar. Why then should our *Intonsi Catones* with their profit-raviaht gravitie esteeme her true favours such question-lesse vanities, as with what part soever thereof they seeme to be something delighted, they queimishlie commend it for a pretie toy. Good Lord how serious and eternall are their Idolatrous platts for riches ! no marvaile sure they here do so much good with them. And heaven no doubt will grovill on the earth (as they do) to imbrace them. But I stay this spleene when I remember my good Mat. how joyfully oftentimes you reported unto me, that most ingenious *Derbie*, deepe searching *Northumberland*, and skill-imbracing *heire of Husdon* had most profitably entertained learning in themselves, to the vital warmth of freezing science, and to the admirable luster of their true Nobilitie, whose high deserving vertues may cause me hereafter strike that fire out of darknesse, which the brightest Day shall envie for beautie. I should write more but my hasting out of towne taketh me from the paper, so preferring thy allowance in this poore and strange trifle, to the pasport of a whole Cittie of others, I rest as resolute as *Seneca*, satisfying my selfe if but a few, if one, or if none like it.

*By the true admirour of thy vertues*

*And perfectly vowed friend.*

G. CHAPMAN.

### HYMNUS IN NOCTEM.

GREAT goddess, to whose throne in <sup>1</sup> Cynthian fires,  
This earthly altar endless fumes expires;  
Therefore, in fumes of sighs and fires of grief,  
To fearful chances thou send'st bold relief,  
Happy, thrice happy type, and <sup>2</sup> nurse of death,  
Who, breathless, feeds on nothing but our breath,  
In whom must virtue and her issue live,  
Or die for ever;—now let humour give  
Seas to mine eyes, that I may quickly weep  
The shipwreck of the world: or let soft sleep  
(Binding my senses) loose my working soul,  
That in her highest pitch she may control  
The court of skill, compact of mystery  
Wanting but franchisement <sup>3</sup> and memory  
To reach all secrets: then in blissful trance,  
Raise her, dear night, to that perseverance,  
That in my torture, she all Earth's may sing,  
And force to tremble in her trumpeting  
Heaven's crystal <sup>4</sup> temples: in her pow'r's implant  
Skill of my griefs, and she can nothing want.

Then like fierce bolts, well ramm'd with heat and cold  
In Jove's artillery ; my words unfold,  
To break the labyrinth of every ear,  
And make each frighted soul come forth and hear.  
Let them break hearts, as well as yielding airs,  
That all men's bosoms (pierc'd with no affairs  
But gain of riches) may be lanced wide,  
And with the threats of virtue terrified.

Sorrow's dear sovereign, and the queen of rest,  
That when unlightsome, vast, and indigest,  
The formless matter of this world did lie,  
Fill'dst every place with thy divinity,  
Why did thy absolute and endless sway  
Licence heaven's torch, the sceptre of the day,  
Distinguish'd intercession to thy throne,  
That long before, all matchless rul'd alone ?  
Why let'st thou Order, orderless disperse  
The fighting parents of this universe ?  
When earth, the air, and sea, in fire remain'd ;  
When fire, the sea, and earth, the air contain'd ;  
When air, the earth, and fire, the sea enclos'd ;  
When sea, fire, air, in earth were indispos'd ;  
Nothing, as now, remain'd so out of kind,  
All things in gross, were finer then refin'd,  
Substance was sound within, and had no being ;  
Now form gives being, all our essence seeming.

Chaos had soul without a body then,  
Now bodies live without the souls of men,  
Lumps being digested ; monsters in our pride.

And as a wealthy fount that hills did hide,  
Let forth by labour of industrious hands,  
Pours out her treasure through the fruitful strands,  
Seemly divided to a hundred streams,  
Whose beauties shed such profitable beams,  
And make such Orphean music in their courses,  
That cities follow their enchanting forces ;  
Who running far, at length each pours her heart  
Into the bosom of the gulfy desert,  
As much confounded there and indigest,  
As in the chaos of the hills comprest :  
So all things now (extract out of the prime)  
Are turn'd to chaos, and confound the time.

A step-dame Night of mind about us clings,  
Who broods beneath her hell obscuring wings,  
Worlds of confusion, where the soul defamed,  
The body had been better never framed,  
Beneath thy soft and peaceful covert then,  
(Most sacred mother both of gods and men)  
Treasures unknown, and more unprized did dwell ;  
But in the blind-born shadow of this hell,  
This horrid step-dame, blindness of the mind,  
Nought worth the sight, no sight, but worse than blind,  
A Gorgon, that with brass and snaky brows,  
(Most harlot-like) her naked secrets shows ;

For in th' expansure, and distinct attire  
Of light, and darkness, of the sea, and fire ;  
Of air, and earth, and all, all these create,  
First set and ruled, in most harmonious state,  
Disjunction shows, in all thiugs now amiss,  
By that first order what confusion is :  
Religious curb, that manag'd men in bounds,  
Of public welfare, loathing private grounds,  
(Now cast away by self-love's paramours)  
All are transform'd to Caledonian boars,  
That kill our bleeding vines, displough our fields,  
Rend groves in pieces ; all things nature yields  
Supplanting : tumbling up in hills of dearth,  
The fruitful disposition of the earth,  
Ruin creates men : all to slaughter bent,  
Like envy, fed with other's famishment.

And what makes men without the parts of men,  
Or in their mauhoods, less than childeren,  
But manless natures ? All this world was named  
A world of him, for whom it first was framed,  
Who, (like a tender Chev'ril) shrunk with fire  
Of base ambition, and of self desire,  
His arms into his shoulders crept for fear  
Bounty should use them ; and fierce rape forbear,  
His legs into his greedy belly run,  
The charge of hospitality to shun.  
In him the world is to a lump revers'd  
That shrunk from form, that was by form dispers'd,

And in nought more than thankless avarice,  
Not rend'ring virtue her deserved price :  
Kind Amaethea was transfer'd by Jove,  
Into his sparkling pavement, for her love,  
Though but a goat, and giving him her milk ;  
Baseness is flinty, gentry soft as silk,  
In heavens she lives, and rules a living sign  
In human bodies : yet not so divine,  
That she can work her kindness in our hearts.  
The senseless Argive ship, for her deserts,  
Bearing to Colchos, and for bringing back  
The hardy Argonauts, secure of wrack,  
The fautor, and the god of gratitude,  
Would not from number of the stars exclude.  
A thousand such examples could I cite  
To damn stone-peasants, that like Typhons fight  
Against their maker, and contend to be  
Of kings, the abject slaves of drudgery.  
Proud of that thraldom : love the kindest least,  
And hate, not to be hated of the best.

If then we frame man's figure by his mind,  
And that at first, his fashion was assign'd,  
Erection in such god-like excellence  
For his soul's sake, and her intelligence :  
She so degenerate, and grown deprest,  
Content to share affections with a beast ;  
The shape wherewith he should be now endued  
Must bear no sign of man's similitude.

Therefore \* Promethean poets with the coals  
Of their most genial, more-than-human souls  
In living verse, created men like these,  
With shapes of centaurs, harpies, lapithes,  
That they in prime of erudition,  
When almost savage vulgar men were grown,  
Seeing themselves in those Pierian founts,  
Might mend their minds, ashame'd of such accounts.  
So when ye hear the † sweetest Muse's son,  
With heavenly rapture of his music won  
Rocks, forests, floods, and winds to leave their course  
In his attendance: it bewrays the force  
His wisdom had, to draw men grown so rude  
To civil love of art and fortitude,  
And not for teaching others <sup>5</sup> insolence  
Had he his date-exceeding excellence  
With sovereign poets, but for use applied,  
And in his proper acts exemplified.

And that in calming the infernal kind,  
To wit, the perturbations of his mind,

\* He calls them Promethean poets in this high conceipt,  
by a figurative comparison betwixt them, that as Pro-  
metheus with fire fetch'd from heaven, made men: so  
poets with the fire of their souls are said to create those  
Harpies and Centaurs, and thereof he calls their souls  
genial.

† Calliope is call'd the sweetest muse; her name being  
by signification, *Cantus suavitatis vel modulatio.*

And bringing his Eurydice from hell  
(Which justice signifies) is proved well.  
But if in right's observance any man  
Look back, with boldness less than Orphean,  
Soon falls he to the hell from whence he rose:  
The fiction then would temp'rature dispose  
In all the tender notices of the mind,  
To make man worthy his hell-daunting kind.  
The golden chain of Homer's high device  
Ambition is, or cursed avarice,  
Which all Gods' haling being tied to Jove,  
Him from his settled height could never move:  
Intending this, that though that pow'rful chain  
Of most Herculean vigour to constrain  
Men from true virtue, or their pristine states  
Attempt a man that manless changes hates,  
And is ennobled with a deathless love  
Of things eternal, dignified above:  
Nothing shall stir him from adorning still  
This shape with virtue, and his pow'r with will.

But as rude painters that contend to show  
Beasts, fowls, or fish, all artless to bestow  
On every side his native counterfeit,  
Above his head, his name had need to set:  
So men that will be men, in more than face  
(As in their foreheads), should in actions place  
More perfect characters, to prove they be  
No mockers of their first nobility,

Else may they eas'ly pass for beasts or fowls:  
Souls praise our shapes, and not our shapes our souls.

And as when Chloris paints th' enamel'd meads,  
A flock of shepherds to the bagpipe treads  
Rude rural dances with their country loves:  
Some afar off observing their removes,  
Turns, and returns, quick footing, sudden stands,  
Reelings aside, odd actions with their hands;  
Now back, now forwards, now lock'd arm in arm,  
Not hearing music, think it is a charm,  
That like loose froes at bacchanalian feasts,  
Makes them seem frantic in their barren jests.  
And being cluster'd in a shapeless crowd,  
With much less admiration are allow'd;  
So our first excellence, so much abus'd,  
And we (without the harmony was us'd,  
When Saturn's golden sceptre struck the strings  
Of civil government) make all our doings  
Savour of rudeness and obscurity,  
And in our forms shew more deformity,  
Than if we still were wrap'd and smothered  
In that confusion out of which we fled.

And as when hosts of stars attend thy flight,  
Day of deep students, most contentful night,  
The morning (mounted on the Muse's <sup>6</sup> steed)  
Ushers the sun from <sup>7</sup> Vulcan's golden bed,

And then from forth their sundry roofs of rest,  
All sorts of men, to sorted tasks addrest,  
Spread this inferior element: and yield  
Labour his due: the soldier to the field,  
Statesmen to council, judges to their pleas,  
Merchants to commerce, mariners to seas:  
All beasts, and birds, the groves and forests range,  
To fill all corners of this round Exchange,  
Till thou (dear Night, O goddess of most worth)  
Let'st thy sweet seas of golden humour forth;  
And eagle-like dost with thy starry wings  
<sup>8</sup> Beat in the fowls and beasts to Somnus' lodgings  
And haughty Day to the infernal deep,  
Proclaiming silence, study, ease, and sleep.  
All things before thy forces put in rout,  
Retiring where the morning fired them out.

So to the chaos of our first descent  
(All days of honour and of virtue spent)  
We basely make retreat, and are no less  
Than huge impolish'd heaps of filthiness.  
Men's faces glitter, and their hearts are black,  
But thou (great mistress of heaven's gloomy rack)  
Art black in face, and glitter'st in thy heart.  
There is thy glory, riches, force, and art;  
Opposed Earth beats black and blue thy face,  
And often doth thy heart itself deface,  
For spite that to thy virtue-famed train,  
All the choice worthies that did ever reign

In eldest age, were still prefer'd by Jove,  
Esteeming that due honour to his love.  
There shine they: not to sea-men guides alone,  
But sacred precedents to every one.  
There fix'd for ever, when the Day is driven,  
Almost four hundred times a year from heaven.  
In hell then let her sit, and never rise,  
Till Morns leave blushing at her cruelties.

Mean while, accept, as followers of thy train,  
(Our better parts aspiring to thy reign)  
Virtue's obscur'd and banished the day,  
With all the glories of this spongy sway,  
Prison'd in flesh, and that poor flesh in bands  
Of stone and steel, chief flow'rs of virtue's garlands.

O then most tender fortress of our woes,  
That bleeding lie in virtue's overthrows,  
Hating the whoredom of this painted light:  
Raise thy chaste daughters, ministers of right,  
The dreadful and the just Eumenides,  
And let them wreak the wrongs of our disease,  
Drowning the world in blood, and stain the skies  
With their spilt souls, made drunk with tyrannies.

Fall, Hercules, from heaven, in tempests hurl'd,  
And cleanse this beastly stable of the world:  
Or bend thy brazen bow against the sun,  
As in Tartessus, when thou hadst begun

Thy task of oxen: heat in more extremes  
Than thou wouldst suffer, with his envious beams.  
Now make him leave the world to Night and dreams.  
Never were virtue's labours so envied  
As in this light: shoot, shoot, and stoop his pride.  
Suffer no more his lustful rays to get  
The earth with issue: let him still be set  
In Somnus' thickets: bound about the brows,  
With pitchy vapours, and with ebon boughs.

<sup>10</sup> Rich tapir'd sanctuary of the blest,  
Palace of ruth, made all of tears, and rest,  
To thy black shades and desolation  
I consecrate my life; and living moan,  
Where furies shall for ever fighting be,  
And adders hiss the world for hating me,  
Foxes shall bark, and night-ravens belch in groans,  
And owls shall halloo my confusions:  
There will I furnish up my funeral bed,  
Strew'd with the bones and relics of the dead.  
Atlas shall let th' Olympic burthen fall,  
To cover my untomb'd face withal.  
And when as well, the matter of our kind,  
As the material substance of the mind  
Shall cease their revolutions, in abode  
Of such impure and ugly period,  
As the old essence and insensive prime:  
Then shall the ruins of the fourfold time,

Is great <sup>13</sup> Hyperion's horned daughter drawn.  
 Enchantress-like deck'd in disparent lawn,  
 Circled with charms and incantations,  
 That ride huge spirits, and outrageous passions :  
 Music, and mood, she loves, but love she hates,  
 (As curious ladies do, their public cates)  
 This train, with meteors, comets, lightenings,  
 The dreadful presence of our empress sings :  
 Which grant for ever (O eternal Night)  
 Till virtue flourish in the light of light.

*Explicit Hymnus.*

---

## GLOSS.

<sup>1</sup> He calls these Cynthian fires, of Cynthus or the Sun. In whose beams the fumes and vapours of the earth are exhaled.—The earth being as an altar, and those fumes as sacrificing smokes, because they seem pleasing to her in resembling her. That the earth is called an altar, *Aratus in Astronomicis* testifies in these verses :

Aλλ ἄγε τοι περι καρον δυρήπιον αρχαιν νόξ, &c.  
 Nox antiqua suo curru convolvitur Aram  
 Hanc circum, quæ signa dedit certissima nautis  
 Commiserata virum metuendos undique casus.

In which verses the substance of the first four verses is expressed.

<sup>2</sup> Night is called the nurse or mother of Death by *Hesiodus* in *Theogonia*, in these verses repeating her other issue :

Nox peperit fatumque malum, Parcamque nigrantem  
 Et mortem et somnum, diuersaque, somnia : natos  
 Hos peperit, nulli dea nox conjuncta marito.

<sup>3</sup> Plato saith *dicere* is nothing else but *reminisci*.

<sup>4</sup> The heavenly abodes are often called celestial temples by *Homer et alii*.

<sup>5</sup> Insolence is here taken for rareness or unwontedness.

<sup>6</sup> *Lycophron*, in *Alexandra*, affirms, the morning useth to ride upon *Pegasus* in his verses :

Aurora montem Phagium advolerat  
 Velocis altum nupēr alis Pegasi.

<sup>7</sup> Vulcan is said by *Natalis Comes* in his *Mythologie*, to have made a golden bed for the Sun, wherein he swam sleeping till the morning.

<sup>8</sup> Quæ lucem pellis sub terris : *Orpheus*.

<sup>9</sup> Here he alludes to the fiction of Hercules, that in his labour at Tartessus fetching away the oxen being (more than he liked) heat with the beams of the Sun, he bent his bow against him, &c. *Ut ait Pherecides* in 3. lib. *Historiarum*.

<sup>10</sup> This periphrasis of the Night he useth, because in her the blest (by whom he intends the virtuous), living obscurely, are relieved and quieted, according to those verses before *Aratus*.

*Comiserata virūm metuendos undique casus.*

<sup>11</sup> Themis' daughters are the three hours, viz. Dice, Irene, and Eunomia, begotten by Jupiter. They are said to make ready the horse and chariot of the Sun every morning *ut Orpheus*.

*Et Jovis et Themidis Herae de semine natae, &c.*

<sup>12</sup> Cynthia, or the Moon, is said to be drawn by two white hinds, *ut ait Callimachus*:

*Aurea nuna domitrix Tityi sunt arma Diana  
Cuncta tibi et zona, et fuga quæ cervicibus aurea  
Cererum imponit currum cum ducis ad aureum.*

<sup>13</sup> Hesiodus, in *Theogonia*, calls her the daughter of Hyperion, and Thya, in his *versibus*

*Thia parit Solem magnum, Lunamque nitentem  
Auroram quæ fert lucem mortalibus almam  
Coelicolaque Deis cunctis, Hyperionis almi  
Semine concepit, namque illos Thia decora.*

So is she said to wear party-coloured garments: the rest intimates her magic authority.

FINIS.

For the rest of his own invention, figures and similes, touching their aptness and novelty, he hath not laboured to justify them, because he hopes they will be proud enough to justify themselves, and prove sufficiently authentical to such as understand them; for the rest, God help them, I cannot (do as others), make day seem a lighter woman than she is, by painting her.

## HYMNUS IN CYNTHIAM.

<sup>1</sup> NATURE's bright eye-sight, and the Night's fair soul<sup>2</sup>,  
<sup>3</sup> That with thy triple forehead dost control  
 Earth, seas, and hell; and art in dignity  
 The greatest and swiftest planet in the sky.

Peaceful and warlike, and the <sup>4</sup> power of fate,  
 In perfect circle of whose sacred state  
 The circles of our hopes are compassed:  
 All wisdom, beauty, majesty, and dread,  
 Wrought in the speaking portrait of thy face.  
 Great Cynthia, rise out of thy <sup>5</sup> Latmian palace,  
<sup>6</sup> Wash thy bright body in th' Atlantic streams,  
 Put on those robes that are most rich in beams;  
 And in thy all-ill-purging purity,  
 (As if the shady <sup>7</sup> Cytheron did fry  
 In sightful fury of a solemn fire)  
 Ascend thy chariot, and make earth admire  
 Thy old swift changes, made a young fix'd prime,  
 O let thy beauty scorch the wings of time,  
 That fluttering he may fall before thine eyes,  
 And beat himself to death before he rise:  
 And as heaven's <sup>8</sup> genial parts were cut away  
 By Saturn's hands, with adamantine <sup>9</sup> harpey  
 Only to shew that since it was compos'd  
 Of universal matter: it enclos'd

No power to procreate another heaven,  
So since that adamantine power is given  
To thy chaste hands, to cut off all desire  
Of fleshly sports, and to quench Cupid's fire :  
Let it approve : no change shall take thee hence,  
Nor thy throne bear another inference ;  
For if the envious forehead of the earth  
Low'r on thy age, and claim thee as her birth.  
Tapers nor torches, nor the forests burning,  
Soul-winging music, nor tear-stilling mourning,  
(Us'd of old Romans and rude Macedons  
In thy most sad and black discessions)  
We know can nothing further thy recal,  
When Night's dark robes (whose objects blind us all)  
Shall celebrate thy changes funeral.  
But as in that thrice dreadful foughten field  
Of ruthless Cannas, when sweet rule did yield  
Her beauties strongest proofs, and hugest love :  
When men, as many as the lamps above,  
Arm'd Earth in steel, and made her like the skies,  
That two Auroras did in one day rise.  
Thus with the terror of the trumpets' call,  
The battles join'd as if the world did fall :  
Continued long in life-disdaining fight,  
Jove's thundering eagles feather'd like the night,  
Hov'ring above them with indifferent wings,  
Till Blood's stern daughter cruel <sup>10</sup> Tyche flings  
The chief of one side, to the blushing ground,  
And then his men (whom griefs and fears confound)

Turn'd all their cheerful hopes to grim despair,  
Some casting off their souls into the air,  
Some taken pris'ners, some extremely maim'd,  
And all (as men accus'd) on fate exclaim'd.  
So (gracious Cynthia) in that sable day,  
When interposed earth takes thee away  
(Our sacred chief and sovereign general),  
As crimson a retreat, and steep a fall,  
We fear to suffer from this peace and height,  
Whose thankless sweet now cloys us with receipt.

<sup>11</sup> The Romans set sweet music to her charms,  
To raise thy stoopings, with her airy arms:  
Used loud resoundings with auspicious brass:  
Held torches up to heaven, and flaming glass,  
Made a whole forest but a burning eye,  
To admire thy mournful partings with the sky.  
The Macedonians were so stricken dead,  
With skill-less horror of thy changes dread:  
They wanted hearts, to lift up sounds, or fires,  
Or eyes to heaven; but used their funeral tyres,  
Trembled, and wept; assur'd some mischief's fury  
Would follow that afflicting augury.

Nor shall our wisdoms be more arrogant  
(O sacred Cynthia), but believe thy want  
Hath cause to make us now as much afraid:  
Nor shall Democrats, who first is said,

To read in nature's brows thy changes' cause,  
Persuade our sorrows to a vain applause.

Time's motion, being like the reeling sun's,  
Or as the sea reciprocally runs,  
Hath brought us now to their opinions;  
As in our garments, ancient fashions  
Are newly worn; and as sweet poesy  
Will not be clad in her supremacy  
With those strange garments (Rome's Hexameters),  
As she is English: but in right prefers  
Our native robes (put on with skilful hands  
English heroies) to those antick garlands,  
Accounting it no meed, but mockery,  
When her steep brows already prop the sky,  
To put on start-ups, and yet let it fall.  
No otherwise (O queen celestial)  
Can we believe Ephesias state will be  
But spoil with foreign grace, and change with thee  
<sup>12</sup> The pureness of thy never-tainted life,  
Scorning the subject title of a wife,  
Thy body not composed in thy birth,  
Of such condensed matter as the earth.  
Thy shunning faithless men's society,  
Betaking thee to hounds, and archery  
To deserts, and inaccessible hills,  
Abhorring pleasure in Earth's common ills,  
Commit most willing rapes on all our hearts:  
And make us tremble, lest thy sovereign parts

(The whole preservers of our happiness)  
Should yield to change, eclipse, or heaviness.  
And as thy changes happen by the site,  
Near, or far distance, of thy father's \* light,  
Who (set in absolute remotion) reaves  
Thy face of light, and thee all dark'ned leaves:  
So for thy absence to the shade of death  
Our souls fly mourning, winged with our breath.

Then set thy crystal and imperial throne,  
Girt in thy chaste and never loosing <sup>13</sup> zone,  
'Gainst Europe's Sun directly opposite,  
And give him darkness that doth threat thy light.

O how accurst are they thy favour scorn <sup>14</sup>!  
Diseases pine their flocks, tares spoil their corn:  
Old men are blind of issue, and young wives  
Bring forth abortive fruit, that never thrives.

But then how bless'd are they thy favour graces,  
Peace in their hearts, and youth reigns in their faces:  
Health strengthens their bodies, to subdue the seas,  
And dare the Sun, like Theban Hercules,  
To calm the furies, and to quench the fire:  
As at thy altars, in thy Persic empire,

\* Eurip. in *Phoenissæ*, calls her the daughter, not  
sister, of the Sun.

*O clarissimi filia Solis Luna aurei circuli lumen: &c.*

15 Thy holy women walk'd with naked soles  
Harmless, and confident, on burning coals :  
The virtue-temper'd mind, ever preserves,  
Oils, and expulsive balm that serves  
To quench Lust's fire in all things it anoints,  
And steels our feet to march on needles points :  
And 'mongst her arms, hath armour to repel  
The cannon, and the fiery darts of hell :  
She is the great enchantress that commands  
Spirits of every region, seas, and lands,  
Round heaven itself, and all his seven-fold heights,  
Are bound to serve the strength of her conceits.  
A perfect type of thy Almighty state,  
That hold'st the thread, and rul'st the sword of fate.

Then you that exercise the virgin court  
Of peaceful Thespya, my Muse consort,  
Making her drunken with 16 Gorgonean dews,  
And therewith all your extasies infuse,  
That she may reach the top-less starry brows  
Of steep Olympus, crown'd with freshest boughs  
Of Daphnean laurel, and the praises sing  
Of mighty Cynthia : truly figuring  
(As she is Hecatè) her sovereign kind,  
And in her force, the forces of the mind :  
An argument to ravish and refine  
An earthly soul, and make it mere divine.  
Sing then withal, her palace brightness bright,  
The dazzle-sun perfections of her light;

Circling her face with glories, sing the walks,  
Where in her heavenly magic mood she stalks.  
Her arbours, thickets, and her wond'rous game  
(A huntress, being never match'd in fame),  
Presume not then ye flesh confounded souls,  
That cannot bear the full Castalian bowls,  
Which sever mounting spirits from the senses,  
To look in this deep fount for thy pretences:  
The juice more clear than day, yet shadows night,  
Where humour challengeth no drop of right:  
But judgment shall display, to purest eyes  
With ease, the bowels of these mysteries.

See then this planet of our lives descended  
To rich <sup>17</sup> Ortigia, gloriously attended,  
Not with her fifty ocean nymphs: nor yet  
Her twenty foresters: but doth beget  
By powerful charms, delightsome servitors  
Of flowers and shadows, mists and meteors:  
Her rare Elysian palace she did build  
With studied wishes, which sweet hope did gild  
With sunny foil, that lasted but a day:  
For night must needs importune her away.  
The shapes of every wholesome flower and tree  
She gave those types of her felicity.  
And Form herself she mightily conjur'd  
Their prizeless values might not be obscur'd,  
With disposition baser than divine,  
But make that blissful court of hers to shine

With all accomplishment of architect,  
That not the eye of Phœbus could detect.  
Form then, 'twixt two superior pillars fram'd  
This tender building, Pax Imperij nam'd,  
Which cast a shadow like a piramis,  
Whose basis in the plain or back part is  
Of that queint work: the top so high extended,  
That it the region of the Moon transcended:  
Without, within it, every corner fill'd  
By beauteous form, as her great mistress will'd.  
Here as she sits, the thunder-loving Jove  
In honours past all others shows his love,  
Proclaiming her in complete Emperie,  
Of what soever the olympic sky  
With tender circumvecture doth embrace,  
The chiefest planet that doth heaven enchain.  
Dear goddess, prompt, benign, and bounteous,  
That hears all prayers, from the least of us  
Large riches gives, since she is largely given,  
And all that spring from seed of earth and heaven  
She doth command: and rules the fates of all,  
Old Hesiod sings her thus celestial.  
And now to take the pleasures of the day,  
Because her night star soon will call away,  
She frames of matter intimate before,  
(To wit, a bright, and dazzling meteor)  
A goodly nymph, whose beauty, beauty stains  
Heav'ns with her jewels; gives all the reins  
Of wished pleasance; frames her golden wings,  
But them she binds up close with purple strings,

Because she now will have her run alone,  
And bid the base to all affection.  
And Euthimya is her sacred name,  
Since she the cares and toils of earth must tame:  
Then straight the flowers, the shadows and the mists,  
(Fit matter for most pliant humourists)  
She hunters makes: and of that substance hounds  
Whosé mouths deaf heaven, and furrow earth with  
wounds,  
And marvel not a nymph so rich in grace  
To hounds rude pursuits should be given in chasc.  
For she could turn herself to every shape  
Of swiftest beasts, and at her pleasure 'scape;  
Wealth fawns on fools; virtues are meat for vices,  
Wisdom conforms herself to all Earth's guises,  
Good gifts are often given to men past good,  
And Noblesse stoops sometimes beneath his blood.

The hounds that she created, vast, and fleet  
Were grim Melampus, with th' Ethiop's feet,  
White Leucon; all-eating Pamphagus,  
Sharp-sighted Dorceus, wild Oribasus,  
Storm-breathing Lelaps, and the savage Theron,  
Wing'd-footed Pterelas, and hind-like Ladon,  
Greedy Harpyia, and the painted Stycté,  
Fierce Trigis, and the thicket-searcher Agre,  
The black Melaneus, and the bristled Lachne,  
Lean-lustful Cyprius, and big-chested Aloe.  
These and such other now the forest rang'd,  
And Euthimya to a panther chang'd,

Holds them sweet chase; their mouths they freely  
spend,  
As if the earth in sunder they would rend.  
Which change of music liked the goddess so,  
That she before her foremost nymph would go,  
And not a huntsman there was eagerer seen  
In that sport's love, (yet all were wond'rous keen)  
Than was their swift and windy-footed queen.  
But now this spotted game did thicket take,  
Where not a hound could hung'red passage make:  
Such proof the covert was, all arm'd in thorn,  
With which in their attempts the dogs were torn,  
And fell to howling in their happiness:  
As when a flock of school-boys, whom their mistress  
(Held closely to their books) gets leave to sport,  
And then like toil-freed deer, in headlong sort  
With shouts, and shrieks, they hurry from the school.  
Some strew the woods, some swim the silver pool:  
All as they list to several pastimes fall,  
To feed their famish'd wantonness with all.  
When straight, within the woods some wolf or bear,  
The heedless limbs of one doth piecemeal tear,  
Affrighteth other, sends some bleeding back,  
And some in greedy whirl-pits suffer wrack.  
So did the bristled covert check with wounds  
The lickerish haste of these game-greedy hounds.

In this vast thicket (whose descriptions task  
The pens of furies, and of fiends would ask :

---

So more than human-thoughted horrible)  
The souls of such as liv'd implausible,  
In happy empire of this goddess' glories,  
And scorn'd to crown her fanes with sacrifice,  
Did ceaseless walk; expiring fearful groans,  
Curses and threats for their confusions.  
Her darts, and arrows, some of them had slain,  
Others her dogs eat, painting her disdain,  
After she had transform'd them into beasts:  
Others her monsters carried to their nests,  
Rent them in pieces, and their spirits sent  
To this blind shade, to wail their banishment.  
The huntsmen hearing (since they could not hear)  
Their hounds at fault; in eager chase drew near,  
Mounted on lions, unicorns, and boars,  
And saw their hounds lie licking of their sores,  
Some yerning at the shroud, as if they chid  
Her stinging tongues, that did their chase forbid:  
By which they knew the game was that way gone.  
Then each man forc'd the beast he rode upon,  
To assault the thicket; whose repulsive thorns  
So galled the lions, boars, and unicorns,  
Dragons, and wolves; that half their courages  
Were spent in roars, and sounds of heaviness:  
Yet being the princeliest, and hardiest beasts,  
That gave chief fame to those Ortygian forests,  
And all their riders furious of their sport,  
A fresh assault they gave, in desperate sort:

And with their falchions made their ways in wounds,  
The thicket open'd, and let in the hounds.  
But from her bosom cast prodigious cries,  
Wrapt in her Stygian fumes of miseries :  
Which yet the breaths of these courageous steeds  
Did still driuk up, and clear'd their vent'rous heads :  
As when the fiery coursers of the sun,  
Up to the palace of the morning run,  
And from their nostrils blow the spiteful day :  
So yet those foggy vapours made them way.  
But pressing further, saw such cursed sights,  
Such *Ætna*'s fill'd with strange tormented sprites,  
That now the vap'rous object of the eye  
Out-pierced the intellect in faculty.  
Baseness was nobler than Nobility :  
For Ruth (first shaken from the brain of Love,  
And Love the soul of Virtue) now did move,  
Not in their souls (spheres mean enough for such)  
But in their eyes ; and thence did conscience touch  
Their hearts with pity, where her proper throne  
Is in the mind, and there should first have shone :  
Eyes should guide bodies, and our souls our eyes,  
But now the world consists on contraries.  
So sense brought terror, where the mind's presight  
Had safed that fear, and done but pity right,  
But servile fear, now forged a wood of darts,  
Within their eyes, and cast them through their hearts :  
Then turn'd they bridle, then half slain with fear,  
Each did the other backwards overbear,

As when th' Italian Duke, a troop of horse  
Sent out in haste against some English force,  
From stately-sited sconce-torn Nimigan,  
Under whose walls the <sup>19</sup> wall most Cynthian,  
Stretcheth her silver limbs loaded with wealth,  
Hearing our horse were marching down by stealth.  
(Who looking for them) war's quick artizan,  
Fame thriving Vere, that in those countries wan  
More fame than guerdon; ambuscadoes laid  
Of certain foot, and made full well appaid  
The hopeful enemy, in sending those  
The long-expected subjects of their blows  
To move their charge; which straight they give amain,  
When we retiring to our strength again,  
The foe pursues, assured of our lives,  
And us within our ambuscado drives;  
Who straight with thunder of the drums and shot,  
Tempest their wraths on them that wist it not.  
Then (turning headlong) some escaped us so,  
Some left to ransom, some to overthrow,  
In such confusion did this troop retire,  
And thought them cursed in that game's desire:  
Out flew the hounds, that there could nothing find,  
Of the sly panther, that did beard the wind,  
Running into it full, to clog the chase,  
And tire her followers with too much solace.  
And but the superfices of the shade,  
Did only sprinkle with the scent she made,  
As when the sun-beams on high billows fall,  
And make their shadows dance upon a wall,

That is the subject of his fair reflectings.  
Or else; as when a man in summer evenings,  
Something before sun-set, when shadows be  
Rack'd with his stooping, to the highest degree,  
His shadow climes the trees, and scales a hill\*,  
While he goes on the beaten passage still.  
So slightly touch'd the panther with her scent,  
This irksome covert, and away she went,  
Down to a fruitful island sited by,  
Full of all wealth, delight, and empery,  
Ever with child of curious architect,  
Yet still delivered: pav'd with dames select,  
On whom rich feet in foulest boots might tread,  
And never foul them: for kind Cupid spread  
Such perfect colours on their pleasing faces,  
That their reflects clad foulest weeds with graces.  
Beauty strikes fancy blind; pied show deceives us,  
Sweet banquets tempt our healths, when temper  
leaves us,  
Inchastity is ever prostitute,  
Whose trees we loath, when we have pluck'd their  
fruit.  
Hither this panther fled, now turn'd a boar,  
More huge than that th' *Aetolians* plagued so sore,  
And led the chase through noblest mansions,  
Gardens and groves, exempt from parragons,  
In all things ruinous, and slaughtersome,  
As was that scourge to the *Aetolian* kingdom:

\* Simile ad eandem explicat.

After as if a whirlwind drove them on,  
Full cry, and close, as if they all were one  
The hounds pursue, and fright the earth with sound,  
Making her tremble; as when winds are bound  
In her cold bosom, fighting for event:  
With whose fierce ague all the world is rent.

But Day's arm (tired to hold her torch to them)  
Now let it fall within the Ocean stream,  
The goddess blew retreat, and with her blast,  
Her morn's creation did like vapours waste:  
The winds made wing into the upper light,  
And blew abroad the sparkles of the night.  
Then (swift as thought) the bright Titanides  
Guide and great sovereign of the marble seas,  
With milk white heifers, mounts into her sphere,  
And leaves us miserable creatures here.

Thus nights, fair days: thus griefs do joys supplant:  
Thus glories graven in steel and adamant  
Never suppos'd to waste, but grow by wasting,  
(Like snow in rivers fall'n) consume by lasting.  
O then thou great <sup>20</sup> elixir of all treasures,  
From whom we multiply our world of pleasures,  
Descend again, ah never leave the earth,  
But <sup>21</sup> as thy plenteous humours gave us birth,  
So let them drown the world in night and death  
Before this air, leave breaking with thy breath.  
Come, goddess, come; <sup>22</sup> the double father'd son,  
Shall dare no more amongst thy train to run,

Nor with polluted hands to touch thy veil :  
His death was darted from the scorpion's tail,  
For which her form to endless memory,  
With other lamps, doth lend the heavens an eye,  
And he that shew'd such great presumption,  
Is hidden now, beneath a little stone.

If <sup>23</sup> proud Alpheus offer force again,  
Because he could not once thy love obtain,  
Thou and thy nymphs shall stop his mouth with mire,  
And mock the fondling, for his mad aspire.  
Thy glorious temple <sup>24</sup> (great Lucifer)  
That was the study of all Asia,  
Two hundred twenty summers to erect,  
Built by Chersiphrone thy architect,  
In which two hundred twenty columns stood,  
Built by two hundred twenty kings of blood,  
Of curious beauty, and admired height,  
Pictures and statues, of as praiseful sleight,  
Convenient for so chaste a goddess fane,  
(Burnt by Herostratus) shall now again  
Be re-extract, and this Ephesia be  
Thy country's happy name, come here with thee,  
As it was there so shall it now be fram'd,  
And thy fair virgin-chamber ever nam'd.  
And as in reconstruction of it there,  
There ladies did no more their jewels wear,  
But frankly contribute them all to raise,  
A work of such a chaste religious praise :

So will our ladies ; for in them it lies,  
To spare so much as would that work suffice.  
Our dames well set their jewels in their minds,  
In-sight illustrates ; outward bravery blinds,  
The mind bath in herself a deity,  
And in the stretching circle of her eye  
All things are compass'd, all things present still,  
Will framed to power, doth make us what we will.  
But keep your jewels, make ye braver yet,  
Elysian ladies ; and (in riches set,  
Upon your foreheads) let us see your hearts :  
Build Cynthia's temple in your virtuous parts,  
Let every jewel be a virtue's glass :  
And no Herostratus shall ever rase  
Those holy monuments : but pillars stand,  
Where every Grace and Muse shall hang her garland.

The mind in that we like, rules every limb,  
Gives hands to bodies, makes them make them trim ;  
Why then in that the body doth dislike,  
Should not <sup>25</sup> his sword as great a vennie strike ?  
The bit and spur that monarch ruleth still,  
To further good things, and to curb the ill,  
He is the Ganymede, the bird of Jove,  
Rapt to her sovereign's bosom for his love,  
His beauty was it, not the body's pride,  
That made him great Aquarius stellified.  
And that mind most is beautiful and high,  
And nearest comes to a Divinity,

That furthest is from spot of Earth's delight,  
Pleasures that lose their substance with their sight,  
Such one, Saturnius ravisheth to love,  
And fills the cup of all content to Jove.

<sup>†</sup> It appears that a line or more is wanting here in the original.

Thou never any hadst, but didst affect,  
Endymion for his studious intellect.  
Thy soul-ehaste kisses were for virtue's sake,  
And since his eyes were evermore awake,  
To search for knowledge of thy excellence,  
And all astrology: no negligence  
Or female softness fed his learned trance,  
Nor was thy veil once touch'd with dalliance,  
Wise poets feign thy godhead properly,  
The thresholds of men's doors did fortify,  
And therefore built they thankful altars there,  
Serving thy pow'r, in most religious fear.  
Dear precedent for us to imitate,  
Whose doors thou guard'st against imperious fate,  
Keeping our peaceful households safe from sack,  
And free'st our ships when others suffer wrack.  
Thy <sup>27</sup> virgin chamber then that sacred is,  
No more let hold, an idle Salmacis  
Nor more let more sleights, Cydippe injury:  
Nor let black Jove, possess'd in Sicily,  
Ravish more maids, but maids subdue his might,  
With well-steel'd lances of thy watchful sight.  
<sup>28</sup> Then in thy clear and icy pentacle,  
Now execute a magic miracle:  
Slip every sort of poisoned herbs and plants,  
And bring thy rabid mastiffs to these haunts.  
Look with thy fierce aspect, be terror-strong,  
Assume thy wondrous shape of half a furlong:  
Put on thy feet of serpents, viperous hairs,  
And act the fearful'st part of thy affairs:

Convert the violent courses of thy floods,  
Remove whole fields of corn, and hugest woods,  
Cast hills into the sea, and make the stars  
Drop out of heaven, and lose thy mariners.

So shall the wonders of thy power be seen,  
And thou for ever live the planets queen.

Explicit Hymnus.  
*Omnis ut umbra.*

## GLOSS.

<sup>1</sup> He gives her that *periphrasis*, viz. Nature's bright eyesight, because that by her store of humours, issue is given to all birth: and thereof is she called *Lucina*, and *Ilythia*, quia præest parturientibus cum invocaretur, and gives them help: which Orpheus in a Hymn of her praise expresseth and calls her besides *Prothyrea*, *ut sequitur*.

Κλῦθι μοι, ἡ πολὺσιμη θεα, &c.

Audi me veneranda Dea, cui nomina multa:

Prægnantum adjutrix, parentem dulce levamen,

Sola puellarum servatrix, solaque prudens:

Auxilium velox teneris Prothyraea puellis.

And a little after, he shews her plainly to be Diana, *Ilythia*, and *Prothyraea*, in these verses:

Solam animi requiem te clamant parturientes.

Sola potes diros partus placare labores

Diana, Ilythia gravis, sumus et Prothyraea.

<sup>2</sup> He calls her the soul of the Night, since she is the purest part of her according to common conceit.

<sup>3</sup> Orpheus in these verses of *Argonauticus*, saith she is thrice-headed, as she is Hecate, Luna, and Diana, *ut sequitur*.

Cumque illis Hecate properans horrende cucurrit

Cui trinum caput est, genuit quam Tartarus olim.

The rest above will not be denied.

<sup>4</sup> That she is called the power of fate, read *Hesiodus* in *Theogonia* when he gives her more than this commendation in these verses :

Jupiter ingentes illi largitur honores,  
Muneraque imperium terraque marisque profundi:  
Cunctorumque simul, quæ cœlum amplectitur altum,  
Admittitque preceps facilis Dea, prompta, benigna  
Divitias præbet, quid ei concessa potestas,  
Imperat hæc cunctis, qui sunt e semine nati :  
Et Terræ et Coeli, cunctorum fata gubernat.

<sup>5</sup> In Latmos she is supposed to sleep with Endymion, ut *Catullus*.

Ut trivium furtim sub Latmia saxe relegans  
Dulcis amor Gyro devocet Aerio.

<sup>6</sup> Homer with a marvellous poetical sweetness, saith she washes her before she apparels herself in the Atlantic Sea. And then shews her apparel, as in these verses. *In Oceano Lavacri.*

Rursus Atlanteis, in lymphis membra lavata,  
Vestibus induita, et nitidis Dea Luna micantes :  
Curru junxit equos celeres, quibus ardua colla.

<sup>7</sup> Cytheron, as Menander saith, was a most fair boy, and beloved of Tisiphone, who since she could not obtain his love, she tears from her head a serpent, and threw it at him, which stinging him to death, the gods in pity turned him to a hill of that name called *Asterius*, full of woods, wherein all poets have affirmed wild beasts live, and use it often to express their haunts, or store of

woods, whereupon he invokes Cynthia, to rise in such brightness, as if it were all on fire.

<sup>8</sup> This is expounded as followeth by Gyraldus Lilius. The application most fitly made by this anthon.

<sup>9</sup> *Harpe* should be written thus, not with a y, yet here he useth it, lest some not knowing what it means, read it for a *harp*, having found this grossness in some scholars. It was the *sword* Perseus used to cut off Medusa's head.

<sup>10</sup> Fortune is called *Tyche*, as witnesseth *Pausanias* in *Messeniacis*, who affirms her to be one of the daughters likewise of Oceanus, which was playing with Proserpine when Dis ravish'd her.

Una omnes vario per prata comantia flore,  
Candida Leucippe, Phænoque, Electraque Ianthe.

*Melobosique Tyche Ocyrhoe præsignis ocellis.* And Orpheus in a hymn to *Fortuna*, saith she is the daughter of blood, *ut in hic, sanguine prognatam, Vi et inexpugnabile numen.*

<sup>11</sup> Plutarch writes thus of the Romans and Macedons in *Paulus Æmilius*.

<sup>12</sup> These are commonly known to be the properties of Cynthia.

<sup>13</sup> This Zone is said to be the girdle of Cynthia. And therefore when maids lost their maidenheads, amongst the Athenians, they used to put off their girdles. And after, custom made it a phrase *zonam solvere*, to lose their maidenheads, *ut Apolo. lib. 1.*

*Prima soluta mihi est, postremaque zona quid ipse  
Invidit multos natos Lucinae misella.*

<sup>14</sup> These are the verses of Callimachus translated to effect.

*O miseri, quibus ipsa gravem tu concipis iram, &c.*

<sup>15</sup> This Strabo testifieth *Libro duodecimo*.

<sup>16</sup> *Pegasus* is called *Gorgoneus*; since poets feign, that when *Perseus* smote off *Medusa*'s head, *Pegasus* flew from the wound: and therefore the Muse's fount which he made with his hoof, is called *Gorgone*.

<sup>17</sup> *Ortigia* is the country where she was brought up.

<sup>18</sup> These are the verses of Hesiodus before.

<sup>19</sup> The *Wall* is a most excellent river, in the low countries, parting with another river called the *Maze*, near a town in Holland called *Gurckham*, and runs up to *Gelderland*, under the walls of *Nimigen*. And these like *similes*, in my opinion, drawn from the honourable deeds of our noble countrymen, clad in comely habit of poesy, would become a poem as well as further-fetched grounds, if such as be poets now a days would use them.

<sup>20</sup> The Philosopher's Stone, or *Philosophica Medicina*, is called the great Elixir, to which he here alludes.

<sup>21</sup> This of our birth is explained before.

<sup>22</sup> The double-father'd son is *Orion*, so called since he was the son of Jove and Apollo, born of their seed enclosed in a bull's hide, which abhorreth not from philosophy (according to poets' intentions) that one son should have two fathers: for in the generation of elements it is true, since *omnia sint in omnibus*. He offering violence, was stung of a scorpion to death, for

which, the scorpion's figure was made a sign in heaven, as *Nicander* in *Theriacis* affirms :

Grandine signatum Titanis at inde puella,  
 Scorpion immisit qui cuspide surgat acuta :  
 Bæoto ut meditata necem fuit Orioni  
 Impuris ausus manibus quia prendere peplum.  
 Ille Deæ est talum percussit Scorpius illi  
 Sub parvo lapide occultus vestigia propter.

<sup>22</sup> Alphens taken with the love of Cynthia, not answered with many repulses, pursued her to her company of virgins, who mocking him, cast mire in his face, and drove him away. Some affirm him to be a flood, some the son of *Parthenia*, some the waggoner of *Pelops*, &c.

<sup>24</sup> *Lucifera* is her title, and *Ignifera*: given her by Euripides, in *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

<sup>25</sup> The beauty of the mind being signified in *Ganymede*, he here by *prosopopoeia*, gives a man's shape to it.

<sup>26</sup> *Pausanias in Eliacis*, affirms it: others that she had but three, viz. *Pæon*, which Homer calls the gods' physician, *Epeus* and *Ætolus*, &c. Cicero saith she had none, but only for his love to the study of astrology gave him chaste kisses.

<sup>27</sup> Her temple in *Ephesus* was called her virgin chamber.

<sup>28</sup> All these are proper to her as she is Hecate.

*Explicit Comment.*

FINIS.



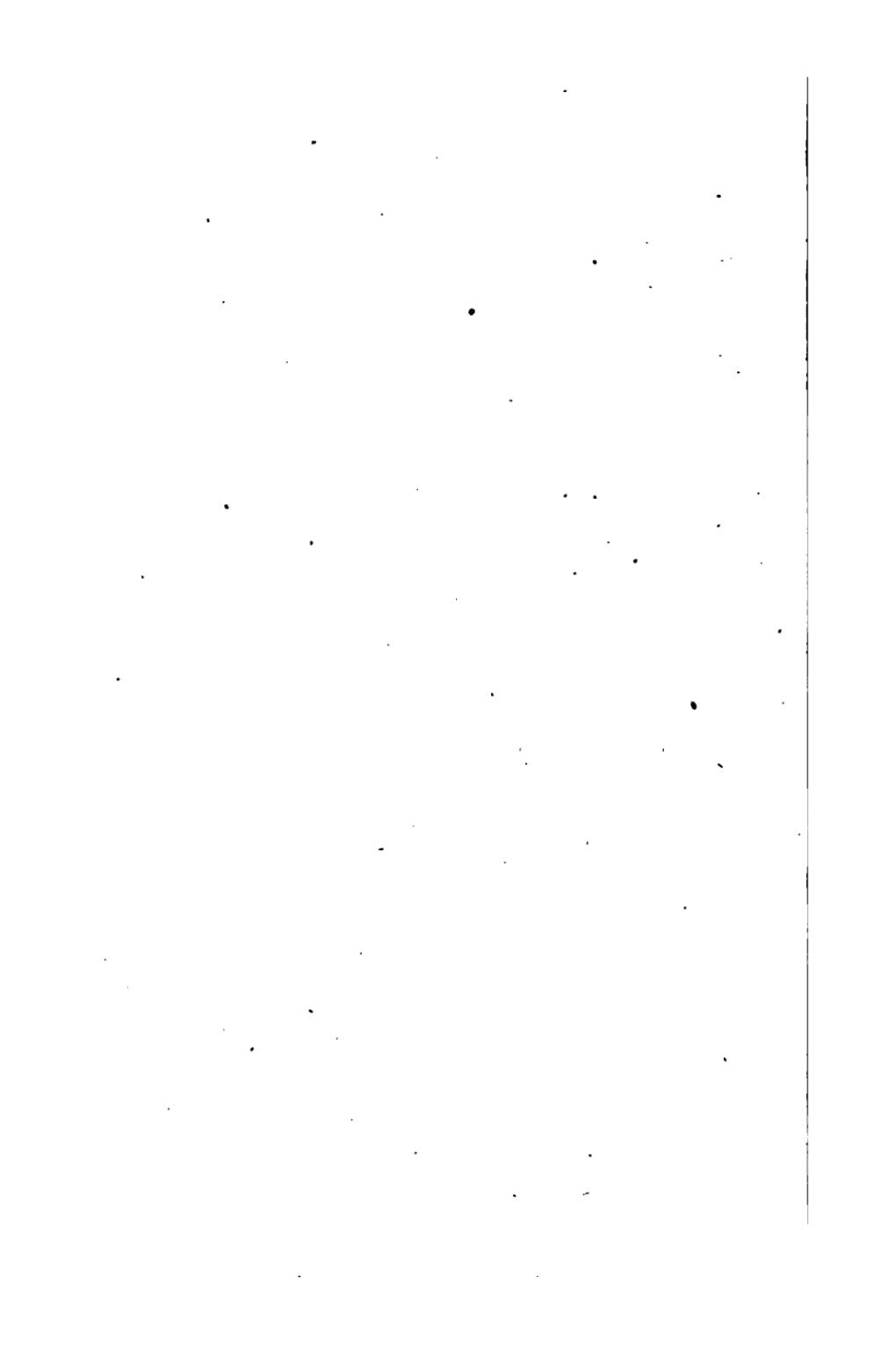
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PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR, BY C. WHITTINGHAM.  
MDCCCXVIII.











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~~DUE APR 10 1921~~

~~DUE MAY 8, 1921~~

~~DUE JUN 12 1921~~

